Saturday Night

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JOY COGHILL: Training young emotions. (Page 4).

The Front Page

While it is true that many an elected representative could be replaced by a tin of floor wax or a box of soap flakes with hardly anyone noticing the change, there is still a certain amount of difference between human beings and other manufactured products—a rather important difference, since it has so much to do with the kind of world in which we and our children are to live, but one that seems to be forgotten in the developing alliance between politicians and the supermen of merchandising, the Sales Management Experts.

When George Hees, chairman of the National Progressive Conservative Association, suggested in Ottawa the other day that his party would have better luck at election time if it used more gags and gimmicks, he was paying tribute to only the more primitive sort of merchandising hoopla. If he studies the sales management of his successful opponents, the Liberals—even one aspect of it, like the creation and care of the Uncle Louis legend—he will see how much more there is to selling a party or a candidate than merely keeping the citizens entertained with electioneering fireworks.

HIGH SCHOOL WEAKNESS
By Arthur Lower

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Even the methods of the Liberals, however, are pretty old-fashioned when compared with those now being used in the United States by some Republicans.

Encouraged by the way they have been able to sell beans, buggies and baloney, these Republicans are now tempted to let the sales specialists look after all the messy preliminaries to responsible government. In the 10th Congressional District of New Jersey, for example, they are paying for an Experimental Project (so called), planned and executed by professionals in the business of sales management. The planners ran advertisements for a candidate, whom they call the Product; a sales manager has been making a survey of the market, testing the receptivity of the consumer; the job of merchandising the Product has started.

If this sort of thing catches on, politicians will become puppets jigging on strings worked by sales managers, and politics will be a matter not of courage or leadership or conviction but simply of merchandising. Perhaps that is what we deserve, we who have taken so placidly to "conditioning", who have learnt to worship the statistic and put our trust in the percentage. Perhaps we'd be happier if all we had to do to pick our governments was to choose between products instead of personalities, between box-tops instead of brains. Certainly it would simplify things at election time—until sales conferences replaced elections, that is.

Roman Holiday

A COLLEAGUE munching the fruits of leisure in Rome writes to tell us that, surprisingly, there is still a considerable body of Italian goodwill for North America, despite the harrowing performance of Mrs. Luce as the official representative of the United States in that country. Fortunately, Mrs. Luce has been able to amuse as well as exasperate the Italians. The tale heard most frequently in the Roman cafés, he says, tells of a time she visited the Vatican and talked at the Pope with so much vigor and wordage that he was moved, during the first break in the monologue, to make a gentle protest: "But Your Excellency, I've already been converted."

The Human Touch

IT'S PROBABLY treason in this technological age, but we get a lot of satisfaction out of hearing about the mistakes, stupidities and breakdowns of the intricate machines that threaten to make it unnecessary for man to do much of anything but reproduce. We were happy for hours, for instance, after reading about the antics of Nellie the Electronic Barmaid. Nellie was invented by an Englishman named Alan Templin; he flicks a

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dial and Nellie trundles her 54 gallons from the kitchen, across the lawn, stops beside Mr. Templin, opens her spigot and fills his glass. The other day, the inventor let a friend operate Nellie, and out she came, across the lawn and across Mr. Templin's toe. He got what he bargained for, of course — cold, blind obedience, without affection or loyalty. It would never have happened if Mr. Templin had, instead of puttering with Nellie, used the time to train a wife or a St. Bernard.

Forced Migration

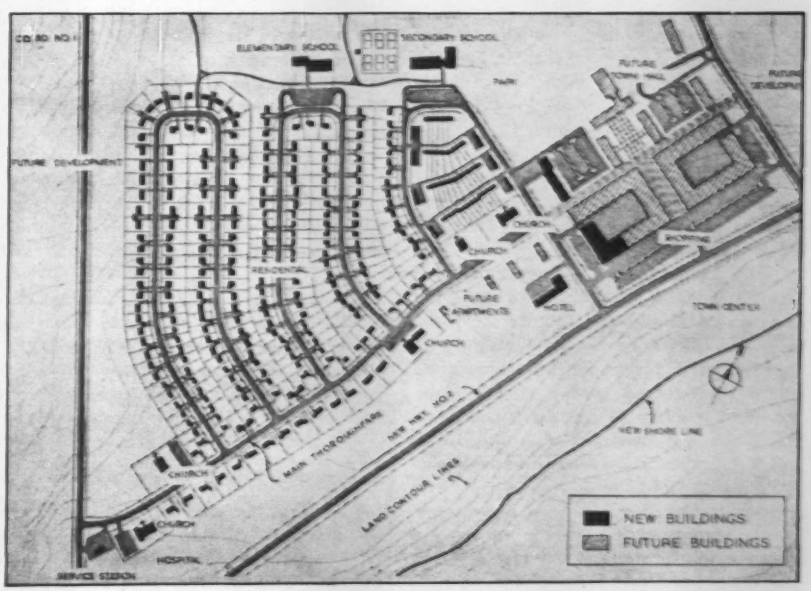
IN NOT MUCH more than three years, the water will begin to back up behind the dams being built on the St. Lawrence by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission and the New York State Power Authority, but in that time the HEPC must build three new communities, part of a fourth, re-settle 6,500 people and leave everybody fairly satisfied with the results—those who must move and the Ontario consumers of power who must, in one way or another, pay for it all. The closing of the dam-gates will flood 18,000 acres of land in the 39 miles between Cornwall and Cardinal; part of Morrisburg, and the whole of the communities of Iroquois, Aultsville, Farrans Point, Dickinsons Landing, Wales, Moulinette and Mille Roches will be under water.

Until less than a month ago, all that the worried residents of the area got from the Ontario Government and Hydro was assurance that they would "receive a 100 per cent square deal". Then on August 17, Chairman Robert Saunders of the HEPC revealed elaborate plans for the new communities, "not as a 'finished product' but as a suggestion for your consideration". The representatives of the St. Lawrence communities considered and refused to be impressed; the Iroquois delegates thought their own town-plan was much better than Hydro's, and the others were more interested in the method of resettlement than in table models of towns-to-be.

Mr. Saunders offered the residents a choice: rehabilitation on land in the new location, compensation in cash, or a combination of both. Compensation, he said, would be based on market value plus a bonus for forceful taking that would be greater than the 10 per cent usually paid by the HEPC. He warned that Hydro, as trustee for all citizens of the province, could not be expected to replace tired old buildings with gaudy mansions. The spokesmen for the residents agreed with much of what he said, but boggled at the basis for compensation; they thought it should be replacement, not market, value.

Hydro officials have been busy for the past couple of weeks toting their plans and their arguments around the embattled communities and it is quite clear now that the most difficult problem to be solved is the matter of compensation. There is not much point to arguments about town plans when the individuals and communities concerned do not know how the costs are to be distributed.

There is no doubt that many of the people along the river have an



MUNICIPAL officials of the village of Iroquois are critical of the Ontario Hydro plan (above) for the new community to which they must move.

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exaggerated idea of what their land and buildings are worth. Many others feel that the relocation should not cost them a cent. The HEPC has an obligation to guard against extravagance. Reaching a settlement is going to tax to the full the considerable persuasive powers of the Hydro chairman.

Bar Charade

IT'S RATHER a pity that British Columbia's liquor commission did not dally a while before squelching an ardent inspector's order that labels on bottles had to be concealed or removed because they were, in fact, advertisements for liquor and therefore, according to law, sinful things best hidden from public view. If the inspector had been given his head, there is no telling where his campaign would have ended, but certainly it would have been a diverting interlude in the sprightly life of the province. One of the most effective forms of advertising, for example, is verbal repetition or identification. It is conceivable that requests by customers for specific brands would have been forbidden, or even the identification of a liquor simply as rye or rum or gin. It would have been worth travelling a long way to watch the goings-on in a lounge full of people, each trying to identify a particular drink by pantomime.

Global Domesticity

CURIOUS ABOUT the far-flung activities of those women who have made a science of household duties, we visited the biennial convention of the Canadian Home Economics Association in Toronto a couple of weeks ago, and there met Dr. Margaret Hockin, who carries with experienced ease the title of Chief, Home Economics Section, Nutrition Division, Food and Agriculture Organization.

"FAO, a specialized agency of the UN, has 72 member countries," Dr. Hockin, a native of Bridgewater, NS, said. "There is a staff of 900 to 1,000. We have permanent headquarters in Rome, but the staffers, of course, travel all over the world to work with the various governments—at the invitation of those governments. Headquarters used to be in Washington, but moved to Italy in 1951. The advantage of being in Italy is that we are in a country where the problems are different and acute, and we are closer to the under-developed areas of the world—just six hours by air, for example, from the Middle East, where there is a great need for the technical assistance of the FAO.

"Going in to help a country, we try to get training courses started, seminars, institutions and centres of training. The aim is to train local workers to take over. One of our problems frequently is illiteracy. In some countries, 90 per cent of the women are unable to read even the simplest material or to sign their own names. We're lucky that home economics is concerned with practices as well as principles and that we can demonstrate simple techniques which will result in improved nutrition, sanitation and child care. Generally we must begin our work according to the way in which governments suggest that home economics education should be developed. This may be in village community projects, as in India,

Ashley & Crippen

DR. HOCKIN: A great need.

Thailand and Mexico; in the establishing of home economics departments or colleges, as in Yugoslavia, Israel and Iraq; in the improvement of existing programs in elementary and secondary schools, as in Ethiopia and the Caribbean; or the establishing of demonstration centres as in Egypt. We in FAO believe that home economics should be developed as an integral part of existing educational and social welfare programs, especially in rural areas. All too often, even government officials think of home economics as 'a little sewing and a little cooking'. We must learn more effective ways of getting our programs out of the classroom and into the family and community."

Honest Critics (*Cover Picture*)

ONE OF the youngest and best of the country's Children's Theatres next week starts its second season in Vancouver. This is the Holiday Theatre, which got its start last October when eight people subscribed $20 apiece to launch a professional company that would provide British Columbia's children with live entertainment. The University of British Columbia gave the company the use of a small campus theatre (seating capacity: 125). Two performances are put on there each Saturday, and during the week schools and communities are visited. Last season more than 40,000 children were attracted by the company's three productions.

Director of Holiday Theatre is Joy Coghill, who began her study of children's theatre, five years ago, in Chicago under the redoubtable Charlotte Chorpenning. "This is the most satisfying phase of my work," Miss Coghill told us the other day. "Here are the severest critics. Children never make excuses for shortcomings. They must like a play and live through it before they can be taught anything by it —and the whole purpose of children's theatre is to train the creative emotions of boys and girls. No adults were ever so honest or uninhibited."

Bouldering

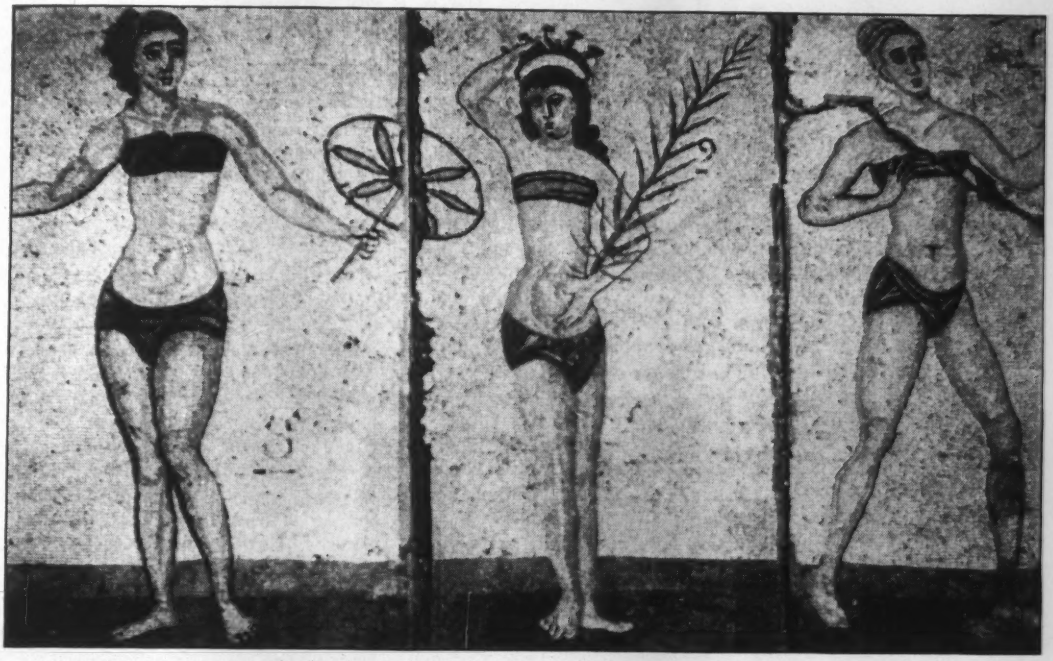
A NEIGHBOR of ours, whose speech has as fine a flavor as her dandelion wine, caught us tossing a bit of cake to an antic squirrel the other day, and glowered across the back fence. "What is the use," she said, "of my bouldering the pests if you go feeding them cake? They dig up my tulip bulbs and so I boulder them with stones. I don't really hit them, but they know what I mean." Now we're waiting for her comments when the squirrels find out that she doesn't mean it.

Quick on the Trigger

THERE IS enough public uncertainty about the moral and material worth of capital punishment to bring about a study of the death penalty by a special parliamentary committee, but the doubts that weigh heavily on the conscience of society mean nothing to one group of Canadians — the gun-slingers among the nation's police officers who are ready to shoot to wound or kill for no stronger reason than their own suspicion. There are comparatively few of them among the men who work with courage and honesty to enforce the law, but even so there are far too many incidents of reckless and unnecessary use of pistols. Just the other day a young New Westminster airman died from wounds inflicted by police bullets—condemned and put to death without trial for an offence only suspected. The hasty use of deadly weapons inspires resentment and hatred rather than respect for the authority of the police. A gun may be the "great equalizer", but it is not a substitute for justice, any more than a policeman's suspicions are a substitute for the processes of law.

The Bikini: An Ancient Swim-suit

Mosaics Unearthed by Excavations in Sicily



A REFLECTION OF LUSH LIVING IN A DECADENT AGE?

Recent excavations of a palatial villa, the Piazza Armerina, near Enna in central Sicily, uncovered these mosaics dating from the Third Century A.D. and disclosing the equivalent of the Bikini.

ANCIENT VERSION

The briefly-clad figures, covered for centuries by silt left in a flash flood, are today a big tourist attraction.

MODERN STYLE

Yolanda Marcon, a young Sicilian beauty, models the latest version, made popular on the French Riviera.

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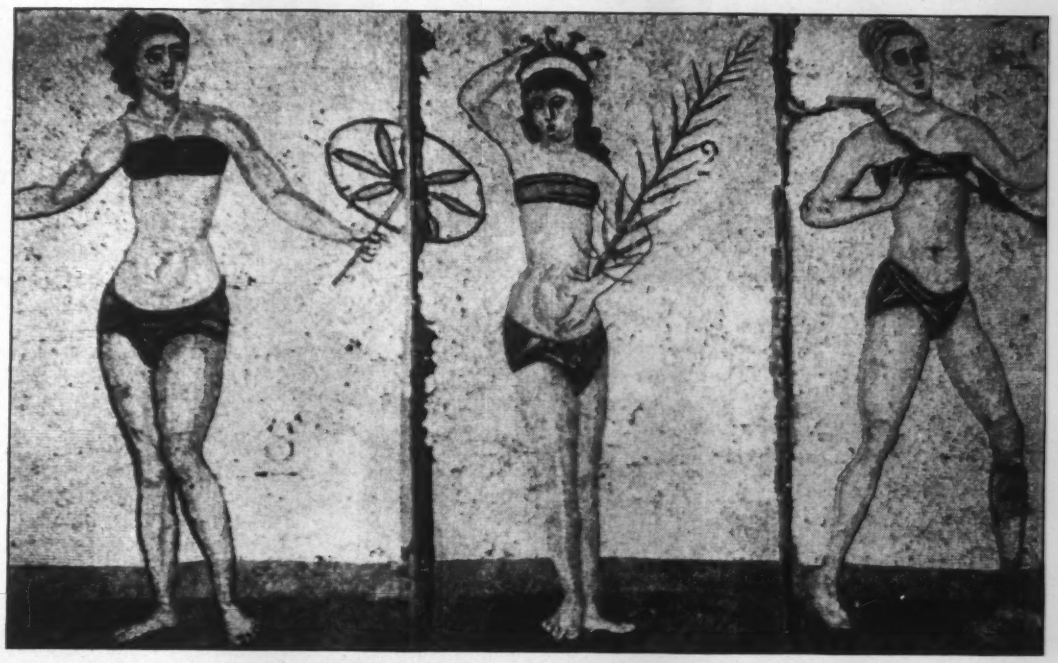

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High School Weak Link In Educational System

By ARTHUR LOWER

LIKE THE WEATHER, education is a subject perennially under discussion. Very often, a famous remark about the weather holds good too—everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it. It would be a pity if after all the recent talk, the debate on education simply petered out, without lasting results.

There is not a nook or cranny of our educational system which does not need investigation and constructive criticism. I do not except the universities: they, it seems to me, are in acute need of wide-visioned criticism. Having in another place already had a good deal to say about them, I do not propose to discuss them here. My purpose is simply to draw attention to the teaching and general treatment in our high schools of one specific subject: history. Even here, in a short article, I can only touch on one or two points.

A teacher at the university level who possesses the confidence of his students gradually comes into a considerable fund of information about the different schools from which they come—whether he wants it or not. Certain general conclusions as to the work of the schools can readily be drawn from such information, especially since the keenest critics of the schools are those who have recently been scholars in them. And discerning critics, too, let me add.

In general the evidence I have, and I have a good deal, gives me the impression that the quality of instruction corresponds closely to the size of the place in which the school is situated. This is to be expected, for, whether we like it or not, the ablest and most energetic people gravitate to the large cities—both as teachers and as parents of students. This heaping up of ability and energy in the large urban centres, to the detriment of small places and of the countryside, is a conspicuous — and perhaps unfortunate — aspect of Canada's present stage in history. Of course, there will always be good students coming from inferior schools, for you can't keep a good man down. A student of mine who came from a small village high school wrote off both his Grade XII, under the usual instruction, and his Grade XIII, under his own, in one year! Incidentally such a performance shows how silly a really good student can make our present high school curriculum look. But in general, in schools, as elsewhere, it is the economic and social foundation that counts.

Another point that impresses itself on one is the immense differences that exist in the schools of a province like Ontario: all the way from struggling little schools "back in the bush" to the great school machines of the large cities, possessed of nearly every advantage.

The range in teachers seems almost as great: from able, alert and informed people to those just struggling to keep their heads above water. It is the teacher who makes or breaks the school—not systems, methods and educational philosophies; just the human being standing in front of his pupils—that is all. He can be helped, or hindered, but he cannot be made something other than himself. In the quality of their teachers private schools seem to rate fairly high. Private schools do not require the deadening passage through the "College of Education", a hurdle that few really good students can be persuaded to take, and as a result they sometimes get instructors of better than average academic training. The large city schools are in a somewhat similar position, the College of Education not having been able to keep out *all* the good people.

A "good person" in the teaching of history—and this is something that students of some capacity quickly sense — is one who adds to a command of his subject a certain awareness of life and society, an experience of life, which enables him to interpret his material to those he teaches. This is, unfortunately, just the kind of person who seems to be lacking in many, perhaps most, of our schools. The average teacher of history, even if a "specialist" (in the Ontario rating) does not know very much about his subject and all too frequently, from the moment he leaves college, ceases to expand his knowledge. Something that modern "educators" seem often to forget is that under almost any circumstances, it is a good thing to know what you are talking about. There must be countless classrooms in Canada occupied by people who talk for a living, as all teachers must, and yet who literally do not know what they are talking about.

Nothing is more deadly than the chapter and verse type of history, dates, names and "facts" ("A fact is a lie and a half," it was impressed on me in my youth). To make the subject, a person must have lived and lived widely. This he must have done either in direct experience or through imaginative intensity. Often when poor souls come to me and ask me what is wrong with their examination papers, I can hardly say more to them—though I never say it — than that, in order to do better, they will just have to go away and live longer and find out what life is about. History

Miller Services

"IT IS THE TEACHER who makes or breaks the school—not systems, methods and educational philosophies."

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Dr. A. R. M. Lower is professor of history at Queen's University, Kingston, and the author of a number of books, including several texts in Canadian History used in Canadian High Schools.

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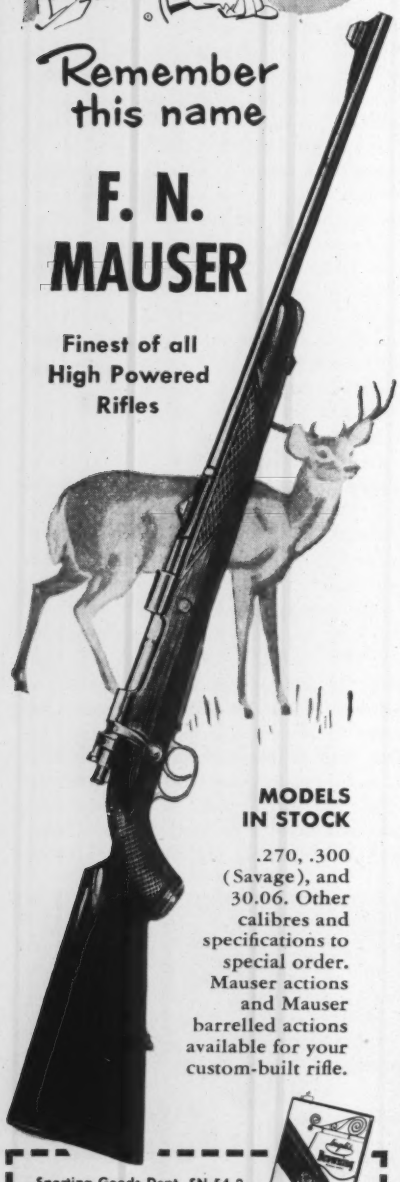

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is life, life history. Some young minds, by eagerness and ability, anticipate experience; others never become experienced. With excellent exceptions, it is from this latter class that our teachers are drawn.

Why not? Teaching requires large numbers of people, far larger than other professions: the average must be correspondingly lower. Then the work is laborious and often discouraging, the salaries modest to low. How can the average calibre of those in the teaching profession be anything but the same? This is the crux of our educational problem.

In further detail, the impression I get is that methods are better in the large schools than in the small. You cannot get much out of history unless you read — and read — and read. Often I hear of schools with no library or at least no use of what library there is, and of no classroom, or other, writing. Only in relatively few schools do students seem encouraged to read outside the text book. "Take pages 12 to 19 for our lesson tomorrow" seems to be the typical prescription. Only in relatively few schools, moreover, do students seem to be required to write essays.

Canadian schools are ridden by "the text book", legacy of a day when books were rare and few could afford them. A book is required to be bought in the fall — teachers, even if they know the literature of their subject, which is rare, dare not go beyond a narrow list in this compulsory book-buying — and toiled through page by page by the following spring. "The text book" becomes a kind of Bible, from which everyone, student and teacher, deviates at his peril. If it is not in "the text book", it is not history. In this way a few hundred pages are painfully "covered" during the course of the year. Both teachers and students habitually complain of the "length of the book", and invariably the chapters required to be read for examination undergo a succession of whittlings-down.

When students get to university, they are required to read as much in a week as they had been doing in a year. Why not? Haven't they been taught to read?

Unfortunately, the answer in too many cases is that they have not.

Similarly when they get to University, they are required to write — not just little exercises (the longest essay of which I have heard in high school was about 500 words) but to write fairly long pieces and a good many of them. Well, haven't they been taught to write? Again, unfortunately the answer is often "No".

Who would there be to teach them? In most cases, not parents, not teachers, there being few among either of these classes of people who, except in an elementary way, are able to write.

What one expects of young men and women who elect to study their country's history (which, may I remind the reader, is the same necessary process as studying themselves) is feeling for the subject, avidity in reading, ability to express themselves reasonably well, some sense of the realities of life, and so on. With many happy exceptions, these are not the qualities found among the students. Many of them, one discovers, have not got past the A.B.C. of the subject — indeed, of any subject; intellectually, where they should be young men and women, they are babes. Their mental equipment is elementary, having been given to them in an elementary way by elementary people.

We ought to be able to get better results than this out of our $40,000 classrooms (same old teachers, however).

Such words are cruel, especially when used with respect to a class of persons with whom I have been associated all my life and of whom I count myself one, our teachers. But it seems to me that they are necessary words, for the trouble with our high schools, as far as I can make out, is not the lunacy of Progressivism but the dead weight of un-progressivism. In methods, books, knowledge, awareness, both personal and social, and nearly everything that goes to make an educated person, most of our high schools, far from being "progressive", stand today where the universities stood a hundred years ago.

Progressivism is bad enough. Join it to un-progressivism and in the combination, you have the real dilemma of the schools.

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The End

"This is the end": the anguished word
Scarce stirred the air. She bowed her head,
No sign I made that heart had heard;
I, too, was weary and sped.

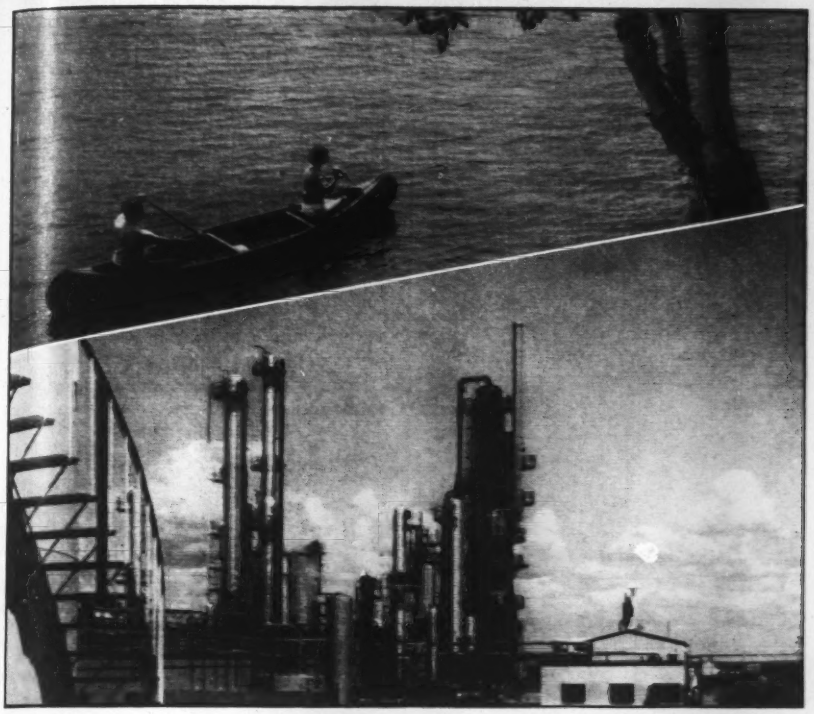
Above us loomed the night-black tree;
Beneath, a valley in shadow lay;
A waning moon beyond the sea
Cast a faint sickly ray.

Once, "Oh, have courage!" had been my cry;
Now mutely aghast I gazed into
A face distorted, caught the sigh
That shook her through and through.

No, no. Why further should we roam,
Since every road man journeys by
Ends on a hillside far from home
Under an alien sky;

Where souls disconsolate and sick
That Valley scan each treads alone,
And a Sea whose menace leaves the quick
Colder than churchyard stone?

WALTER DE LA MARE



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Letter from Montreal

Proper Technique for a Best Friend

By Hugh MacLennan

IN THE MEMORY of Montrealers, this year is going to be the one when there was no summer. Just as the Second World War taught us all a geography lesson, so this year has made thousands of Montrealers aware of the mysteries of meteorology. People on street corners and trams talked learnedly of high and low pressure areas, of cold fronts and warm fronts, of stratospheric winds and the effect of melting ice-caps. Two gigantic wheels of air, one centering around a high pressure area in Michigan, the other on a low pressure point in Labrador, kept revolving slowly in opposite directions. Montreal lay in between and was sprayed continuously by the rain tossed off when they met. At least that's what I gathered from somebody who had looked into the matter and said he knew. It didn't explain why it also rained in the British Isles and over most of northern Europe as well, but at least it didn't blame the hydrogen bomb.

Although the weather spoiled my holidays, it contributed to my education. In the place where I spend such holidays as I allow myself, in the Eastern Townships not far from Montreal, about half the summer cottage-holders are Americans. We are all good friends and until recently nationalism played no part in our relationship. To the Americans who have been coming up here for many years Canada hardly seemed a nation at all. Canada had been a playground for swimming, fishing, sailing, dances, club regattas and picnics down the lake. This year there was so much squatting around indoors looking at the rain that the conversation got around to politics almost as often as in an election year. But with a difference; long before the end of July I understood something which wiser men have known for some time—that the day is past when a Canadian can indulge in political backchat with Americans in the free and easy style of a decade or two ago.

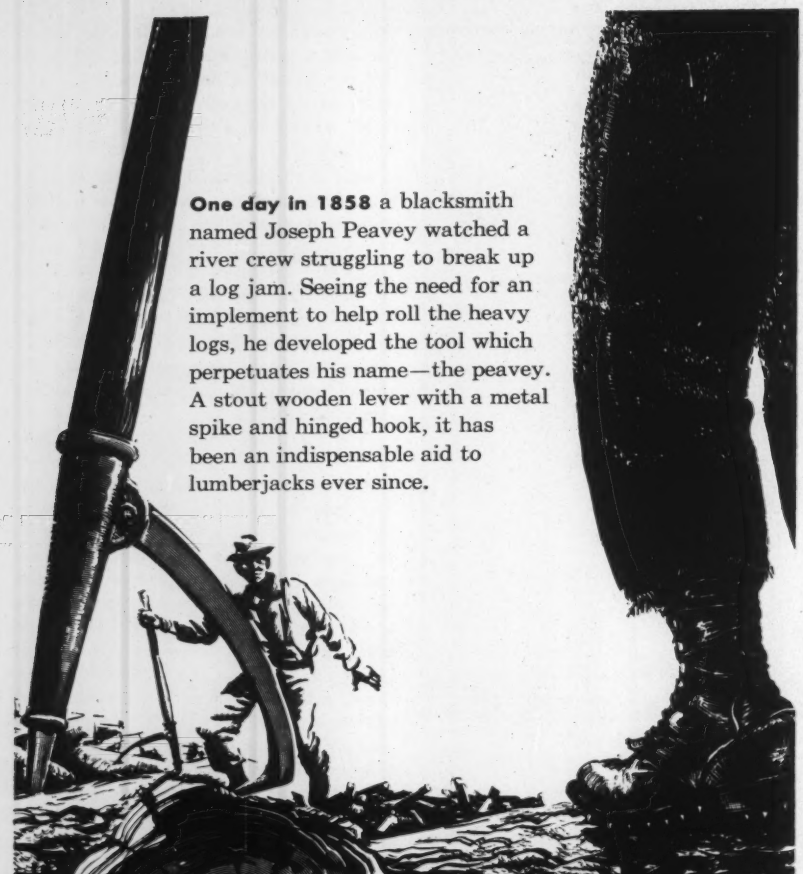
Until recently Americans have had such supreme national self-confidence that we could say almost anything about their politicians without giving offence. They only smiled at Leacock's famous aphorism that God looks after fools, drunkards and the United States of America. Canadians would do well to note that in the latest edition of *Bartlett*, this crack has been omitted.

This past summer I suddenly realized that Americans are seeing Canada not only as a cool place in which to play, but actually as a foreign country which frequently disagrees with their view of the world and (so they believe) never explains why. Lately they have felt shocked and startled, and not a little resentful, when we assail their policies with the same freedom of language a dissenting American might use.

Another thing we are apt to do (and in this I confess myself to have been a prime sinner) is to take advantage of the fact that no political argument between an American and a Canadian is likely to be conducted on a fair basis. We read the same American magazines they read, with the result that we have an intimate knowledge of their country. They read none of ours and know next to nothing about our politics. If an American senator is a fool, we know it. If a Canadian MP is a rogue, they don't. Inevitably a Canadian has a wide advantage in any political argument, with the result that the American becomes either bewildered or resentful, even if he is too courteous to say so.

This kind of gamesmanship is not only out of date but dangerous. The United States is so misunderstood by the rest of the world, her constitution and political tradition make it so difficult for her to play the role of world policeman without looking like a bull in a Spanish fiesta, that her feeling of being persecuted by an insensate world has acquired alarming proportions. Americans grew up with the conviction that theirs was the most popular nation on earth. After saving Europe from Fascism and Communism, they can't understand why the United States is no longer liked. It is more painful for an American to lose his popularity than to lose his money. His puritan pride is by no means out-grown. His temptation to follow MacArthur's advice and go it alone is greater than most of us know.

In a previous letter I suggested that the modern United States has become a sort of Hamlet among the nations, and that Canada's role was inevitably that of Horatio. The value of Horatio in the play is that he is the only individual who truly loves and understands the prince. If he believes Hamlet wrong, he tells him so clearly and with dignity. If Hamlet fails to listen to him, it is not because Horatio has not tried. Horatio has more integrity than any other character in the play because his intentions are clear to himself. He is never servile, he never speaks a line of double-talk, he never mocks his friend.



One day in 1858 a blacksmith named Joseph Peavey watched a river crew struggling to break up a log jam. Seeing the need for an implement to help roll the heavy logs, he developed the tool which perpetuates his name—the peavey. A stout wooden lever with a metal spike and hinged hook, it has been an indispensable aid to lumberjacks ever since.

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Hamlet is a prince and he is not. He knows it is more difficult for a prince to be right than for an ordinary citizen. The prince is surrounded by enemies and flatterers, he has special responsibilities, he cannot see himself as others see him. The greatest need of a prince is a wise, intimate friend.

At the present time I don't think Canada is playing her role of intimate friend to the United States as well as she might. In some respects we know that country better than she knows herself. We see her with a triple vision: through her own eyes, through ours, and to some extent through the eyes of the various nations within the Commonwealth. If a country like ours is to play a useful national role, and not the part of Little Brother, the aim of our policy should be to do all we can to increase understanding between the two political bodies with which we are aligned, the United States and the Commonwealth.

To some extent we are doing this now, and Mr. St. Laurent's visit to India was an example of Canadian diplomacy at its best. But we have done hardly anything toward presenting to Americans the case of the Commonwealth in Far Eastern countries or of making them understand why we believe that Indian good-will is a vital pre-requisite of any Far Eastern settlement. We have done precious little towards presenting our own country to them except as a tourist resort and a good place for the investment of American dollars.

"Why don't you ever speak up for yourselves *as a nation?*" an American said to me this summer. "Instead of always telling us what you aren't, why don't you tell us what you are? You say you aren't a part of Great Britain. You insist you aren't an appendage of us. But what *are* you?" Then he said something I can't forget. "Don't you realize that Americans feel that Formosa is more important to them at the present time than Canada? Don't you know that Chiang Kai-shek's lobby has far more influence with us than you have? If Canadians have a political mind of their own, for God's sake why don't we ever hear about it in language we can understand?"

To answer such a question would have involved hours of explaining Mackenzie King's technique of government, and there was no point in tempting the weather that far. It would have forced me to admit that in the last twenty years Canadian federal politicians have used colorlessness as a means of keeping out of trouble and staying in their jobs. It might even have forced me to say that we get a perverse feeling of superiority from telling ourselves that we know the United States so well, while they know nothing important about us. Yet, from here to eternity, we will go on claiming that we are America's best friend.

Minority Report

Should We Lie to Our Children?

By Brock Chisholm

NOTWITHSTANDING some opinion apparently to the contrary, I have not been devoting my life to a crusade against Santa Claus; indeed, on the few occasions on which I have mentioned the subject, it was only incidental to protesting against so many people telling so many lies to children, and I used Santa Claus only as one of the many examples. To preserve the great value of the Santa Claus myth and free it from the pathological distortions which now so commonly destroy that value and make the myth a real threat to many of the most intelligent children of our culture surely should not be such a dreadful thing to suggest.

If the discussion could be kept on more general grounds and the question stated as: "Should children be told the truth or lied to?", there would probably be relatively little emotion produced and reasonable conclusions might be expected. That the truth and not lies should be told to children would, I believe, be given almost universal agreement. I should be quite content to leave the matter there if people only wouldn't go on to say in effect, "It isn't lying when you lie about Santa Claus". One can only bemoan the complication of life by a new and opposite definition of a well-known word, and suggest that in that case children are entitled to be informed that Santa Claus lies outside the parents' normal moral code and whether or not any other subjects, such as sex, politics or religion, do also.

But why all this fuss about parents and others telling lies to their children? May it perhaps be a good thing for a child to learn early not to trust anyone, even his mother and father? To learn young that even Mom and Pop are liars and not to be trusted could conceivably immunize a child against being fooled by other liars he will meet later. That is the best defence I have heard for telling defenceless children the Santa Claus myth as truth, but I still don't think it's good training for children. Most children, if reasonably intelligent, will quite soon enough recognize their parents' deficiences and distortions, without the parents having to illustrate.

In case anyone still thinks that parents' lies to children are just harmless fun and pranks on their part and can't hurt the children, let me report briefly just two of many cases that I have met of severe and lasting damage. The treatment in both cases had to be directed toward the child developing a tolerance of the parents' untrustworthiness, but that tolerance could develop only after the child had gone through a lengthy period of hate and rejection of the parents. In neither case was the child ever able to accept the motives of the parents as valid or even excusable. One of them went so far in trying to find excuses as to say, "I guess they were just dumb and didn't know any better". He was very generous.

Miller Services

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The first case was that of a boy nearly six years old who had been flourishing until about five, but then began to have nightmares, temper tantrums, crying spells, fears of the dark and of being alone, digestive troubles and other signs of deep disturbance. After weeks of effort to help him, the boy was able to talk and confided, what he had told no one before and had hardly admitted even to himself, that there might be a bear under his bed or in his cupboard or behind the door, wherever it was dark or he couldn't see.

Either there could be a bear under his bed (if Santa Claus and reindeer, why not a bear or anything else?) and anything could happen, because your eyes and brain couldn't be trusted, or, just

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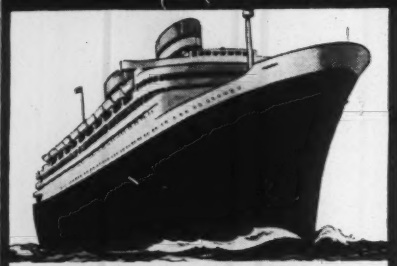

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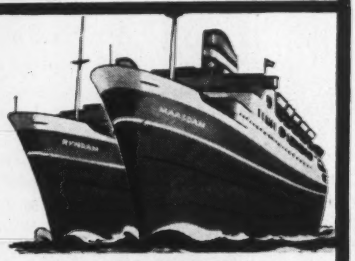

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as fearful a choice, his father and mother were liars, "wicked liars", and could never be trusted again about anything, and if they couldn't be trusted, who could? Perhaps only the doctor was honest; or was he lying too, and how could you tell?

Unfortunately it seems to be the most intelligent children who are most vulnerable to this type of hurt, apparently because they tend to think out the implications of whatever they are told by people they trust.

The second case was that of a boy not yet four, but very intelligent. He was heard in conversation with an older boy, about six, who was being superior and saying, "Don't be silly; it does not". The younger boy was shouting, "It does so; it does so".

The little boy then threw himself on the ground, sobbing "It does so go to bed; my Daddy told me so"—and faced stark tragedy and fear as he knew for the first time that his daddy had let him down, had lied to him and couldn't be trusted any more. On the basis of his unquestioning faith in his father he had formed a clear picture of the sun climbing into bed and being tucked in by the moon. His father had told him that also! He had not told his son that he had two entirely separate standards of truth, one for use when talking to children and another for adults, and how could a four-year-old child be expected to guess the existence of such a peculiar arrangement?

Then may I tell about an incident which illustrates a very common attitude about this whole problem, and which would be amusing if it were not indicative of so much unnecessary trouble in so many lives. A few months ago I was at the same dinner table with a man who rather aggressively brought up the Santa Claus question. After some discussion he wound up his argument (in favor of telling children any lies that are pleasant for parents, as nearly as I could get it), by stating that he had believed absolutely in Santa Claus until he was about seven and it certainly had never done him any harm! A little later, during discussion of other subjects, he mentioned his gastric ulcers and still later the trouble he had had for years with his nerves. He obviously had no idea that there might be any connection between these complaints and the way he was brought up. Add to a complete faith in Santa Claus a few fairies, sundry family superstitions, some political absolutes, one of the religions with a lot of magics in it, and anyone is extremely lucky if he suffers no more than gastric ulcers and "nerves".

The human brain is admirably designed to learn to live effectively with realities and, given a reasonable chance, almost all children can develop to live full, satisfying and valuable lives. Their greatest enemy is whoever misrepresents that reality to them, distorting their picture of the world and of life, and crippling their ability to think clearly and honestly.

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The Social Scene

Grave News from the U.S.A.

By P. G. Wodehouse

WHEN THE UNITED STATES lost the Davis Cup two years ago, there was, not unnaturally, chagrin and disappointment and a tendency on the part of the citizenry to let the upper lip unstiffen a bit, but this soon passed off. The downhearted were able to console themselves with the reflection that, whatever might happen on the tennis court, in one field of sport America still led the world. Her supremacy in the matter of divorce remained unchallenged. Patriots pointed with pride at the figures, which showed that while thirteen—I think it was thirteen—in every thousand American ever-loving couples decided each year to call it a day, the best the nearest competitor, Switzerland, could do was three.

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But now there has been a rude awakening. We learn from the *New York Daily Mirror* that, "An amazing thing has been happening, little noticed, in our national life. Since 1946 there has been a forty per cent decline in the number of divorces." Just like that. No preparation, no leading up to it, no attempt to break the thing gently. It is as if the *Mirror* had crept up behind the U.S.A. and struck her on the back of the head with a sock full of wet sand.

The paper omits to mention what is happening in Switzerland, but one assumes that the Swiss are still plugging along in the old dogged way and may by this time have got up to five per cent or even six. For don't run away with the idea that the Swiss do nothing but yodel and make watches and milk chocolate. They have plenty of leisure, be well assured, for divorce actions. Probably at this very moment some citizen of the inland republic is in the witness box showing the judge the bump on his head where the little woman hit him with a cuckoo clock. And what is America doing? Just standing there twiddling its fingers.

Well, the facts are out, but it is difficult to know where to place the blame. Certainly not on Hollywood. The spirit of the men there (and the women) is splendid. Every day one reads in the gossip columns another of those heart-warming announcements to the effect that Lotta Svelte and George Marsupial are holding hands and plan to merge as soon as the former can disentangle herself from Marcus Manleigh and the latter from Belinda Button, and one knows that George and Lotta are not going to let the side down. In due season she will be in court telling the judge that for a fortnight the marriage was a very happy one, but then George started reading the paper at breakfast and refusing to listen

Wide World

TEAM SPIRIT: Tommy Manville back at work after shedding his ninth wife.

when she told him of the dream she had last night, thus causing her deep mental distress. No, the heart of Hollywood is sound. So is that of the Texas oil men. And, of course, Tommy Manville is working like a beaver.

It may be that it is the judges who are lacking in team spirit. A great deal must always depend on the judges. Some of them are all right. Not a word of complaint about the one in Hackensack, who recently granted Mrs. Carmella Porretta a divorce because her husband, Salvatore, struck her with a buttered muffin. We applaud also his learned brother in Indianapolis who allowed Mrs. Dorothy Whitehouse to sever the knot because her husband, Donald, insisted on buying the groceries and always brought home ham, to which she was allergic. But what are we to say of Domestic Relations Judge Richard Douglass of Knoxville, who, when Mrs. Edna Hunt Tankersley applied to him for her twelfth divorce, callously informed her that, as far as he was concerned, she had got her "final final decree"? In other words, when this devoted woman, all eagerness to see America first, comes up for the thirteenth time, her industry and determination will be unrewarded. No baker's dozen for Edna, unless, of course, she is shrewd enough to take her custom elsewhere.

Has Judge Douglass never reflected that it is just this sort of thing that discourages ambition and is going to hand the world's leadership to the Swiss on a plate with watercress round it?

A THEORY held by some to account for this distressing decline in the divorce rate in the U.S. is that the modern American husband, instead of getting a divorce, finds it cheaper to dissect his bride with the meat axe and deposit the debris in a sack in the Jersey marshes. I doubt it. One has heard, of course, of the man in Chicago named Young who once, when his nerves were unstrung, put his wife Josephine in the chopping machine and canned her and labelled her "Tongue", but as a rule the American wife does not murder easy. A story now going the rounds bears this out, the story of the husband and wife in California.

The marriage between this young couple, it seems, had been for three weeks a happy one, but then, as so often happens, the husband became restless and anxious for a change. At first he thought of divorce, and then he thought again and remembered that in California there is a community law which gives the sundered wife half the family property. And he was just reconciling himself to putting a new coat of paint on her and trying to make her do for another year, when an idea struck him. Why not say it with rattlesnakes?

So he got a rattlesnake and put it in the pocket of his trousers and hung the trousers over a chair in the bedroom, and when his wife asked him for some money, he told her she would find his wallet in his trouser pocket.

"In the bedroom," he said, and she went into the bedroom, whence her voice presently emerged.

"Which trousers?"

"The grey ones."

"The ones hanging on the chair?"

"That's right."

"Which pocket?"

"The hip pocket."

"But I've looked there," said the wife discontentedly, "and all I could find was a rattlesnake."

Ottawa Letter

Intellectuals in the Diplomatic Corps

By John A. Stevenson

SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND may rank among the diplomatic corps as junior in precedence—he only assumed his post as Australia's Ambassador a year ago—but he is the only member of it whose intellectual gifts have won him an international reputation. He has been invited in different years to be the Marshall Memorial Lecturer at Cambridge University, and the Godkin Lecturer at Harvard University.

Sir Douglas is only an Australian by adoption. He belongs to a Scottish family, which emigrated from Banchory in Aberdeenshire and settled in New Zealand. He was born at Timaru in New Zealand in 1894, and he got a good education at Waimate District High School and Canterbury College in his native country. Choosing an academic career as a teacher of economics, he migrated to Australia, where he became Professor of Commerce at Melbourne University and later Dean of that faculty.

As a teacher and writer he soon acquired a rating as Australia's best economist and it brought him in 1931 the Chairmanship of the Economic Committee, which devised a policy for coping with the grim depression, which had gripped Australia as severely as most other countries.

In 1939, with the outbreak of war, the Labor Ministry of John Curtin appointed him (although he was not a Socialist) Federal Prices Commissioner, and for the rest of the war he functioned as Australia's Donald Gordon. From 1941 onwards he combined these onerous duties with the role of Economic Consultant to the Prime Minister. After the war, he was one of the leaders of the Australian delegation to the Bretton Woods Conference.

Next he spent two years, 1946-48, as Australian Minister to China and acquired a great liking and admiration of the Chinese people, if not for all their rulers. But academic life still appealed to him, and in 1948 he accepted an invitation to become Vice-Chancellor of the Australian National University at Canberra. Emphasizing the importance of high standards in academic training and research, he exercised a stimulating influence upon postwar education in the older universities of Australia and established between them and his National University a close liaison, which has borne valuable fruit in the development of post-graduate studies. Amid all these activities he found time to edit an Australian weekly, *The Economic Record*, from 1925 to 1945 and to produce several excellent books and pamphlets on economic and financial problems.

But no Australian Government seems able to dispense with his services and a year ago Prime Minister Menzies lured him back to the service of the State as Ambassador to Canada. Moreover, he is Australia's representative in the UN Assembly, a job which has entailed frequent absences from Ottawa. So it has fallen

SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND CP

to the lot of Sir Douglas, as to few other men, to play an influential part in shaping the economic, educational and diplomatic policies of his country.

Sir Douglas, who is a big, stoutish man with a fine presence and charming, easy manners, has probably as powerful an intellect as any present resident of our capital and as wide a range of experience of men and affairs. But all the high offices and distinctions have not inflated his ego. He and Lady Copland are much given to hospitality in their house on Wilbrod Street.

As a variant to formal dinner parties, Sir Douglas likes to gather round his table at intervals an exclusively male company of politicians of all parties, civil servants and journalists, and match minds with them. He himself is the best of company, equipped with a rare fund of amusing stories about Antipodean politics and bygone figures like the redoubtable Billy Hughes and the American-born King O'Malley. He will also lunch at the House of Commons with a group of members of the CCF and warn them playfully from his experience in Australia of the pitfalls into which a Socialist party can plunge. He has a great admiration for the efficiency of the Bank of Canada and thinks that the top echelons of our civil service can stand comparison with those of any other country.

A LESS imposing figure than Sir Douglas is Dr. Rajko Djermanovic, the Ambassador of Yugoslavia, who is also a comparative newcomer to Ottawa, as he only arrived there in March, 1952. But like his Australian confrère, he has a fine mental equipment and intellectual tastes. He was born at Zagreb in November, 1898, and graduated from the university of that city with a doctorate of laws. Subsequently he studied at the University of Paris, which bestowed on him a similar degree and he also secured the diploma of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, Paris.

Returning to his native land, he practised law successfully in Belgrade from 1930 to 1941 and during these years he co-operated actively in politics with the liberal elements against the dictatorial regime of the ruling clique, who admired the Nazis and Fascists and favored collaboration with them. After the Germans invaded his country, his activities in the resistance movement resulted in his capture and internment in Italy from 1941 to 1943. After Marshal Tito assumed power, Dr. Djermanovic was appointed Ambassador to both Sweden and Denmark and after serving in this post from 1945 to 1947, he was transferred to his country's embassy in Brazil, where he remained until 1952. So he came to Ottawa with considerable diplomatic experience behind him.

Dr. Djermanovic, who is a bachelor, has a highly cultivated mind and a wide range of intellectual interests. He can indulge in them on an international scale; besides his native tongue, he speaks English, French, German, Italian and Portuguese. He has a special fondness for English literature and can discourse with informed knowledge upon the merits of the younger British poets. He has also to his credit an interesting book, published in 1927 in French, dealing with the Versailles Treaty.

Dr. Djermanovic is not an ardent lover of formal social gatherings, but he delights to entertain congenial friends at his own home, and declares that his great weakness is a fondness for good men regardless of what they believe. But he is a keen clubman, with membership in four of Ottawa's clubs, and finds opportunities in and around Ottawa to indulge in his favorite recreations of tennis, swimming and fishing.

The Social Scene

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But now there has been a rude awakening. We learn from the *New York Daily Mirror* that, "An amazing thing has been happening, little noticed, in our national life. Since 1946 there has been a forty per cent decline in the number of divorces." Just like that. No preparation, no leading up to it, no attempt to break the thing gently. It is as if the *Mirror* had crept up behind the U.S.A. and struck her on the back of the head with a sock full of wet sand.

The paper omits to mention what is happening in Switzerland, but one assumes that the Swiss are still plugging along in the old dogged way and may by this time have got up to five per cent or even six. For don't run away with the idea that the Swiss do nothing but yodel and make watches and milk chocolate. They have plenty of leisure, be well assured, for divorce actions. Probably at this very moment some citizen of the inland republic is in the witness box showing the judge the bump on his head where the little woman hit him with a cuckoo clock. And what is America doing? Just standing there twiddling its fingers.

Well, the facts are out, but it is difficult to know where to place the blame. Certainly not on Hollywood. The spirit of the men there (and the women) is splendid. Every day one reads in the gossip columns another of those heart-warming announcements to the effect that Lotta Svelte and George Marsupial are holding hands and plan to merge as soon as the former can disentangle herself from Marcus Manleigh and the latter from Belinda Button, and one knows that George and Lotta are not going to let the side down. In due season she will be in court telling the judge that for a fortnight the marriage was a very happy one, but then George started reading the paper at breakfast and refusing to listen

Wide World

TEAM SPIRIT: Tommy Manville back at work after shedding his ninth wife.

when she told him of the dream she had last night, thus causing her deep mental distress. No, the heart of Hollywood is sound. So is that of the Texas oil men. And, of course, Tommy Manville is working like a beaver.

It may be that it is the judges who are lacking in team spirit. A great deal must always depend on the judges. Some of them are all right. Not a word of complaint about the one in Hackensack, who recently granted Mrs. Carmella Porretta a divorce because her husband, Salvatore, struck her with a buttered muffin. We applaud also his learned brother in Indianapolis who allowed Mrs. Dorothy Whitehouse to sever the knot because her husband, Donald, insisted on buying the groceries and always brought home ham, to which she was allergic. But what are we to say of Domestic Relations Judge Richard Douglass of Knoxville, who, when Mrs. Edna Hunt Tankersley applied to him for her twelfth divorce, callously informed her that, as far as he was concerned, she had got her "final final decree"? In other words, when this devoted woman, all eagerness to see America first, comes up for the thirteenth time, her industry and determination will be unrewarded. No baker's dozen for Edna, unless, of course, she is shrewd enough to take her custom elsewhere.

Has Judge Douglass never reflected that it is just this sort of thing that discourages ambition and is going to hand the world's leadership to the Swiss on a plate with watercress round it?

A THEORY held by some to account for this distressing decline in the divorce rate in the U.S. is that the modern American husband, instead of getting a divorce, finds it cheaper to dissect his bride with the meat axe and deposit the debris in a sack in the Jersey marshes. I doubt it. One has heard, of course, of the man in Chicago named Young who once, when his nerves were unstrung, put his wife Josephine in the chopping machine and canned her and labelled her "Tongue", but as a rule the American wife does not murder easy. A story now going the rounds bears this out, the story of the husband and wife in California.

The marriage between this young couple, it seems, had been for three weeks a happy one, but then, as so often happens, the husband became restless and anxious for a change. At first he thought of divorce, and then he thought again and remembered that in California there is a community law which gives the sundered wife half the family property. And he was just reconciling himself to putting a new coat of paint on her and trying to make her do for another year, when an idea struck him. Why not say it with rattlesnakes?

So he got a rattlesnake and put it in the pocket of his trousers and hung the trousers over a chair in the bedroom, and when his wife asked him for some money, he told her she would find his wallet in his trouser pocket.

"In the bedroom," he said, and she went into the bedroom, whence her voice presently emerged.

"Which trousers?"

"The grey ones."

"The ones hanging on the chair?"

"That's right."

"Which pocket?"

"The hip pocket."

"But I've looked there," said the wife discontentedly, "and all I could find was a rattlesnake."

Ottawa Letter

Intellectuals in the Diplomatic Corps

By John A. Stevenson

SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND may rank among the diplomatic corps as junior in precedence—he only assumed his post as Australia's Ambassador a year ago—but he is the only member of it whose intellectual gifts have won him an international reputation. He has been invited in different years to be the Marshall Memorial Lecturer at Cambridge University, and the Godkin Lecturer at Harvard University.

Sir Douglas is only an Australian by adoption. He belongs to a Scottish family, which emigrated from Banchory in Aberdeenshire and settled in New Zealand. He was born at Timaru in New Zealand in 1894, and he got a good education at Waimate District High School and Canterbury College in his native country. Choosing an academic career as a teacher of economics, he migrated to Australia, where he became Professor of Commerce at Melbourne University and later Dean of that faculty.

As a teacher and writer he soon acquired a rating as Australia's best economist and it brought him in 1931 the Chairmanship of the Economic Committee, which devised a policy for coping with the grim depression, which had gripped Australia as severely as most other countries.

In 1939, with the outbreak of war, the Labor Ministry of John Curtin appointed him (although he was not a Socialist) Federal Prices Commissioner, and for the rest of the war he functioned as Australia's Donald Gordon. From 1941 onwards he combined these onerous duties with the role of Economic Consultant to the Prime Minister. After the war, he was one of the leaders of the Australian delegation to the Bretton Woods Conference.

Next he spent two years, 1946-48, as Australian Minister to China and acquired a great liking and admiration of the Chinese people, if not for all their rulers. But academic life still appealed to him, and in 1948 he accepted an invitation to become Vice-Chancellor of the Australian National University at Canberra. Emphasizing the importance of high standards in academic training and research, he exercised a stimulating influence upon postwar education in the older universities of Australia and established between them and his National University a close liaison, which has borne valuable fruit in the development of post-graduate studies. Amid all these activities he found time to edit an Australian weekly, *The Economic Record*, from 1925 to 1945 and to produce several excellent books and pamphlets on economic and financial problems.

But no Australian Government seems able to dispense with his services and a year ago Prime Minister Menzies lured him back to the service of the State as Ambassador to Canada. Moreover, he is Australia's representative in the UN Assembly, a job which has entailed frequent absences from Ottawa. So it has fallen

CP

SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND

to the lot of Sir Douglas, as to few other men, to play an influential part in shaping the economic, educational and diplomatic policies of his country.

Sir Douglas, who is a big, stoutish man with a fine presence and charming, easy manners, has probably as powerful an intellect as any present resident of our capital and as wide a range of experience of men and affairs. But all the high offices and distinctions have not inflated his ego. He and Lady Copland are much given to hospitality in their house on Wilbrod Street.

As a variant to formal dinner parties, Sir Douglas likes to gather round his table at intervals an exclusively male company of politicians of all parties, civil servants and journalists, and match minds with them. He himself is the best of company, equipped with a rare fund of amusing stories about Antipodean politics and bygone figures like the redoubtable Billy Hughes and the American-born King O'Malley. He will also lunch at the House of Commons with a group of members of the CCF and warn them playfully from his experience in Australia of the pitfalls into which a Socialist party can plunge. He has a great admiration for the efficiency of the Bank of Canada and thinks that the top echelons of our civil service can stand comparison with those of any other country.

A LESS imposing figure than Sir Douglas is Dr. Rajko Djermanovic, the Ambassador of Yugoslavia, who is also a comparative newcomer to Ottawa, as he only arrived there in March, 1952. But like his Australian confrère, he has a fine mental equipment and intellectual tastes. He was born at Zagreb in November, 1898, and graduated from the university of that city with a doctorate of laws. Subsequently he studied at the University of Paris, which bestowed on him a similar degree and he also secured the diploma of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, Paris.

Returning to his native land, he practised law successfully in Belgrade from 1930 to 1941 and during these years he co-operated actively in politics with the liberal elements against the dictatorial regime of the ruling clique, who admired the Nazis and Fascists and favored collaboration with them. After the Germans invaded his country, his activities in the resistance movement resulted in his capture and internment in Italy from 1941 to 1943. After Marshal Tito assumed power, Dr. Djermanovic was appointed Ambassador to both Sweden and Denmark and after serving in this post from 1945 to 1947, he was transferred to his country's embassy in Brazil, where he remained until 1952. So he came to Ottawa with considerable diplomatic experience behind him.

Dr. Djermanovic, who is a bachelor, has a highly cultivated mind and a wide range of intellectual interests. He can indulge in them on an international scale; besides his native tongue, he speaks English, French, German, Italian and Portuguese. He has a special fondness for English literature and can discourse with informed knowledge upon the merits of the younger British poets. He has also to his credit an interesting book, published in 1927 in French, dealing with the Versailles Treaty.

Dr. Djermanovic is not an ardent lover of formal social gatherings, but he delights to entertain congenial friends at his own home, and declares that his great weakness is a fondness for good men regardless of what they believe. But he is a keen clubman, with membership in four of Ottawa's clubs, and finds opportunities in and around Ottawa to indulge in his favorite recreations of tennis, swimming and fishing.

Foreign Affairs

The Confusion Is Now Complete

By Willson Woodside

M. MENDES-FRANCE was supposed to be the man who had no illusions, the man of decision who knew the price France would have to pay to reform her economic and political life and restore her international position. But he has shown, at the Brussels EDC Conference and in the Assembly debate on ratification of the EDC Treaty by France, that he too shares some of the illusions that have clouded and crippled French policy.

The man with the steel-trap mind showed at Brussels that he wasn't thoroughly familiar with the EDC Treaty whose future was at stake, at times shocking his colleagues from the five other nations. In Brussels, too, and in his visit to Churchill, he showed that he believed with many of his countrymen that somehow German strength can be added to Western defence without granting the Germans equality. His proposed amendments to EDC, rejected unanimously by the other five foreign ministers, had required that the headquarters of the European Army be in Paris and nowhere else, that French troops should be stationed in Germany but no German troops in France, and that promotions within the German contingent be kept out of German hands for the first four years. Now Mendès-France is pursuing a scheme for a "little NATO", which would include West Germany, be linked closely with NATO, but deny Germany formal membership in that body.

His instinct in seeking British participation in this "little NATO" to counterbalance the present strength of Germany and the even-greater strength of a possibly reunited Germany, is perfectly sound. In the middle of the war, when I wrote periodically about a United Europe as the only aim that would justify the war and bring an early peace, I pointed out that only British membership in such a Union would give firm assurance against ultimate domination by Germany. And much of the delay in establishing the union of half-Europe—which was all that was possible by 1945—has been caused by Britain's refusal to join in the Schuman Plan Coal and Steel Pool and the EDC, though Churchill himself had encouraged the belief that she would.

The British reason for not doing so was that Britain was not merely a European country but the centre of a world Commonwealth and Empire. But France, while holding a more modest world position, also has large possessions outside of Europe; and it has never been cleared up in the debates at Strasbourg just how she could merge her sovereignty in Europe in a federal union and yet maintain her sovereignty over her possessions abroad.

The French also have emotional reasons for not liking the EDC. But what do they really hope to put in its place? There cannot be many who are ready to face isolation and even fewer who would switch France's alliance and join openly

International

MENDES-FRANCE: Lost some of his mastery over the Assembly.

with the Soviets in a pact to keep Germany disarmed and neutralized. Some suspicion has been spread that Mendès-France actually made a deal with Molotov in Geneva to torpedo the European Army and promote a pact with Moscow to neutralize Germany, in return for the Indo-China truce he wanted so badly.

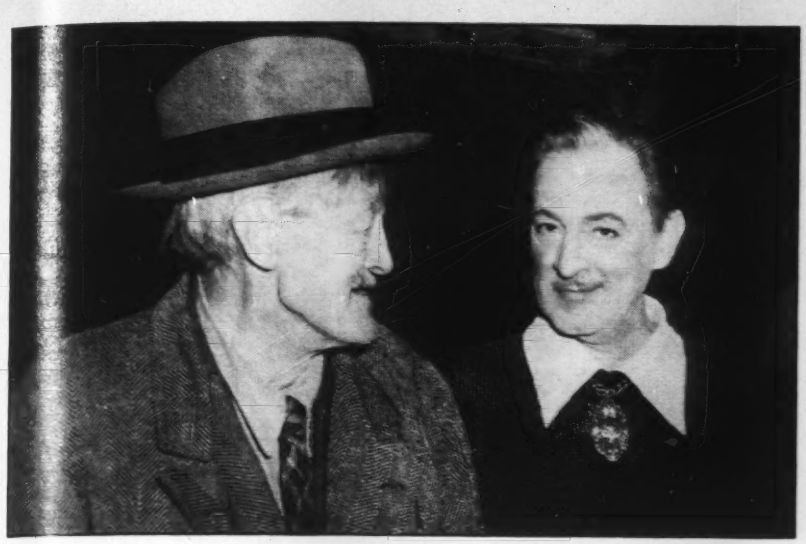
Time magazine says that when British Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb asked Mendès-France for an explicit guarantee that he would *not* abandon EDC in return for Soviet "concessions" on Germany, the French premier evaded the question. But the *New York Times* says that Jebb strongly advised the Foreign Office in London that Mendès opposed the neutralization of Germany. It is on record that he told the Brussels Conference that if the EDC were rejected by the French Assembly he would propose to his cabinet that France join Britain and the U.S. in granting sovereignty to West Germany, and make new proposals for a German defence contribution "within a European framework".

I think we must believe Mendès in this. In his report to the French cabinet on his return from Brussels and Chartwell he seems to have revealed himself for the first time as being personally opposed to the EDC. From my small acquaintance with him and close study of his book on the reform of France I am sure that this would be because of his conviction that France must be thoroughly revitalized before she could hold her own with Germany in a supra-national system, and also because of the belief he has expressed fairly recently that Soviet Russia is now mainly preoccupied with improving her standard of living (and hence is less of a military menace).

It would be typical of Mendès to view the situation mainly from the economic aspect, just as he long urged peace in Indo-China because the drain of that war distorted the French economy and delayed a start on its basic reform. But the Assembly and the nation certainly do not look at the situation from this dispassionate point of view. It does seem that Mendès has mishandled the EDC question and in doing so lost some of the mastery he had so dramatically established over French politics.

His sweeping amendments to the EDC Treaty, aimed at conciliating the Gaullist wing of his government, did not succeed in doing so; on the other hand they brought him a stinging defeat in Brussels and raised up against him a coalition of the "Europeans" in the Assembly, determined to bring him down.

"The confusion in Paris is now complete", was the report of one correspondent as the decisive debate began. The search for alternatives canvassed the "little NATO" project, which won't work because Germany cannot be kept indefinitely in an inferior position; the admission of Germany to full membership in NATO, which is a real alternative, but which permits Germany the Defence Ministry and General Staff structure that EDC was intended to obviate; the neutralization of Germany, which would be a triumph for Soviet policy; a separate alliance among the U.S., Britain and Germany, which would mark a return to the nationalist policies discredited by two world wars; or, finally, a development of NATO into an Atlantic Union, which would give France more assurance than any "little NATO" scheme of hers, tie Germany safely into the West, and mark a real advance towards world peace and prosperity.



SADAKICHI HARTMANN and JOHN BARRYMORE

Minutes of the Last Meeting: Hartmann at the Museum

By GENE FOWLER: PART VI

ROLAND J. MCKINNEY, then the director of art at the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science, and Art, dined at Decker's studio one night. Others at the board were Jack Barrymore, whose lawyer had permitted him to supply the food from his weekly allowance of one hundred dollars; I, who had underwritten the wine; and Sadakichi, who contributed Sadakichi. Hartmann, of course, sat at the head of the table, a carving knife poised over the stuffed and spiced ox-heart.

McKinney happened to say that he had studied in the same art group as his friend, the late George Wesley Bellows. That artist's paintings and lithographs of prize-fighters had impressed me profoundly. Although, as a former boxing reporter, it had been apparent to me that Bellows' pugilists assumed impractical stances — were so wide-winged and open they would have had their blocks knocked off by good counter-punchers — the very smell of stale tobacco smoke and rosin dust; the stench of hair tonic and cheap cologne that gamblers and managers thought as socially necessary as their yellow diamonds; the sweating, stripped athletes whose courage rang out above the gong sound that summoned them to battle—a rhythmic violence that faded from the game with the retirement of Jack Dempsey, Harry Greb, and Mickey Walker, and, except for Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, and Sugar Ray Robinson, gave way to mere circus acrobatics—all these strong accents of the older-day arenas seemed present and alive in Bellows' pictorial memoirs of ringside and gymnasium.

When I said as much at table Sadakichi snarled, "Fowler's opinions on art should be suppressed by the Humane Society. He even thinks Decker is a great painter." He turned to McKinney. "I'll have you remember that as early as 1910 I predicted that Bellows would become important. When he quit imitating Goya and Daumier and turned his back on black and white emphasis, he discovered the pageantry of color and so attained distinction."

McKinney nodded in agreement. "I have managed to acquire a fine Bellows for the museum, not a prize-fighting study, however. It demonstrates what you say of his handling of color."

McKinney recommended that we visit the museum, not only to inspect the Bellows but also to see forty-two masterpieces that originally had been on display respectively at the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs. These old masters, which had been lent to the American expositions by various European museums and private collectors before the outbreak of World War II, now could not be returned to their owners. They were to be on view at the Los Angeles Museum until September 15.

The next day I volunteered to take Sadakichi to the museum. The sun of late July beat down like a scourge. When I got behind the wheel of my convertible it was like sitting on the Village Blacksmith's forge. But Sadakichi seemed never to have enough heat; he had on his gray woollen overcoat, a bright green muffler, and the same old felt hat.

At the entrance to the museum Hartmann spied a wheelchair. Without a word he sat down in it and motioned for me to trundle him inside the exhibition hall. There were perhaps three hundred persons in the gallery, some of them earnestly consulting brown paper-bound catalogues, others strolling about or standing in reverent groups as though waiting for the undertaker to bring in the body of a rich aunt.

I suppose I looked like an Atlantic City boardwalk man as I chaired the old critic up to Jan van Eyck's "Virgin and Child" (the Ince Hall Madonna). He examined this small panel closely. "Painted it on his day off!" he exclaimed.

In turn, I wheeled the critic in front of Dürer's "Portrait of a Woman," El Greco's "The Deposition," and Frans Hals' small "Portrait of Hendrik Swalmius"; we then stopped before a group of four Rembrandts, one of them a self-portrait painted in 1662. That self-portrait stirred Sadakichi's vocal protest. "Spurious!" he called out. "Spurious!" A museum attendant requested that he keep his voice down. To which Sadakichi replied, "Then keep your fakeries down!"

One spectator out of the twenty or so persons now following us from place to place, a spunky woman in rimless eyeglasses and a suit of some dark material, protested to Sadakichi, "This is a genuine Rembrandt. And you could at least take off your hat."

Without turning his head he replied, "Madam, why don't you spend your time at a sideshow? You seem to be fond of freaks!"

Expert opinion holds that the panel is a genuine Rembrandt; but at the time of Hartmann's attack upon it he pointed out that the catalogue bore the words: "Signed on the right at top by a later hand."

Hartmann had a good word or two for Vermeer's "The Milkmaid" and for three or four other paintings; but mostly he expressed adverse criticism, in varying degrees of intensity.

WE PAUSED before Turner's "Burial at Sea of Sir David Wilkie." The relatively large group that now surrounded the chair to hear the cantankerous old man—a few of them apparently delighted with his words of dissent, but the others frowning —were unprepared for the next words and gestures. Half rising from the chair, Hartmann doffed his hat to the Turner and in a loud voice called out, "Bravo! Bravo!"

The minority gave Sadakichi a ripple of applause. Roland McKinney came out of his office to see if vandals were on the loose.

"We are going now," I said into Roland's ear.

He managed to find his voice. "Oh,

thank God!"

"Where is the washroom?" Hartmann asked the curator.

McKinney pointed toward one of the exits. "Past that door and to the left."

"Bring it to me!" shouted the old egotist.

Back at his hotel Sadakichi demanded that I pay him a fee for the museum trip because the experience had sapped his energy and all but ruined his love for the beautiful. I sent out for brandy and cigars; then he got down to business with his secretary, to dictate what he called "A Hospital Romance".

"Oh, I was so weary of everything," Sadakichi said in recollection of his personal history during the early 1890s.

He was violently ill, he persuaded himself. Earlier he had slashed his wrist, which became infected. It appears that some of his forebears had endowed the German Hospital; so when Sadakichi identified himself as a descendant of the Hamburg coffee merchants he was accepted as a non-paying patient.

"I was ushered into a large ward. Put to bed, I became violent, shouted at the top of my voice, had weeping spells, tossed about, and threw myself half out of bed. It was genuine enough; a nervous breakdown. An intern told me to behave or he would put me in a strait-jacket."

Through his nightmarish experience filtered the melodious voice of a woman. "Is this the new patient?"

It was the voice of a nurse, a young woman of fine features and of intelligent mind. Her name was Betty Walsh, but Hartmann called her "the Madonna". He referred to her that way during the nights she attended him, nights when she discussed art and literature with him, for she was a discriminating reader of good books and a museum-goer.

Sadakichi revealed his whole life and aspirations to the Madonna. When at last he was able to walk again, and the nurse was assigned to a ward elsewhere in the hospital, he would meet her secretly from time to time in an unheated washroom.

"But her warm and understanding nature made up for the cold environment of the washroom. The young doctor who had threatened me with the strait-jacket was venomously jealous of me because of this woman. One day I took his watch while he was leaning over to listen to my chest, for I had nimble fingers. Later I threw the watch in the toilet bowl."

The Madonna left the hospital the day after Hartmann was requested to go. Then, against the advice of the hospital superintendent, as well as that of a lawyer-friend of her Philadelphia family, the young woman decided to accept Sadakichi's proposal of marriage.

THE NEWLY married Hartmanns lived in one shabby rooming house after another, on Second Avenue near East Thirty-first Street in New York, then in Philadelphia, and next in Boston. There the half-Japanese Sadakichi finally made a stir among the impressionable ladies, at literary teas or at his drawing-room lectures.

"She subsequently gave me five of my thirteen children," said Sadakichi. "I don't know how long we stayed married. I never kept track of such matters for it is more important to remember how content you have been in wedlock than how long it lasted. But I shall say that this woman encouraged me to enter upon the most productive period of my life. The fact that I wandered away, neglected her many times, and even had a natural son by another woman, did not dull her loyalty to me. I am Sadakichi Hartmann. Hah!"

For some time before his marriage Sadakichi had been contemplating a drama based upon his own non-historic and non-

DRAWING of Sadakichi Hartmann by Ejnar Hansen in the last years of Sadakichi's life. Owned by the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, California.

Biblical concepts of the life of Our Lord. "I sat down one day in 1892 at eleven in the morning," he said, "and wrote, without food or drink, until six the next morning, and finished this work. However, it was not published until 1893, and then privately, in Boston."

The *Christ* came out in a limited edition of four hundred copies, and almost immediately the twenty-nine-year-old playwright was set upon by Boston censors.

Huneker wrote of this work: "It is the most daring of all decadent productions."

"The books were confiscated," Sadakichi said. "I was arrested and spent Christmas week of 1893 in Charles Street Jail Number Two. The worst food I ever ate. Robert Ingersoll came to the jail and offered to defend me free of charge, but took affront when I accused him of being merely a professional atheist."

Several more years passed. Sadakichi wrote his Whitman pamphlet, a drama entitled *Buddha* (described by critic Van Thompson as "Something as gilded and monstrous and uncouth as the Temple of Benares"), and a dramatic episode, *Tragedy in a New York Flat* (of which Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote, "I can make a longer play, and have it powerful in construction and dramatic truth").

Between literary occupations Hartmann worked as a filing clerk for the architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White, but got the sack for describing Stanford White's drawings as "Rococo *in excelsis*. To be improved upon only by the pigeons, after the drawings become buildings."

SADAKICHI returned to Banning again in mid-September. A few weeks later he wrote that he was planning to go to Detroit and after a stop-over with friends in that city continue on to St. Petersburg, Florida, where one of his daughters had a home. A postscript warned me, "Such a pilgrimage will have to be financed by somebody."

Upon receipt of my check the old man wrote, not to thank me, for that would have been beneath his dignity, but to say, "I am too great to be noticed. I am the man who died while yet alive, after I served fifty years as Mr. Quick among the dead. The size of your cheque does not make you a philanthropist."

Hartmann stayed on at Detroit for some weeks with a long-time friend, Ben Marx.

Marx was a well-to-do meat-packer who had frequently sent hams, smoked pork sausages, and other products of his establishment to Sadakichi's various California homes.

Mr. Marx had first met Sadakichi in 1909 at Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Inn at the then-famous essayist and pamphleteer's East Aurora, New York, colony. Sadakichi had gone there to relieve his asthma, and also to rest for a time from his activities as King of New York's Bohemia. He had been at the colony for two years, off and on, by the time Marx arrived.

During Sadakichi's sojourn at East Aurora, Hubbard had two large presses upon which he printed his magazines *The Philistine* and *The Fra*. Among other accomplishments, Fra Elbertus became the best-known book-designer in America. Marx said that Sadakichi designed not a few of these books and sometimes did ghost-writing under the Hubbard signature.

"When Sadakichi left our city for the last time," Ben Marx wrote me, "about thirty friends gathered at the train to say farewell. After Hartmann had gone, Russell Legge, an artist for the *Detroit Free Press*, and I had something to drink at the Sheik Café. Legge confessed he had always had a feeling of resentment toward Sadakichi, but added that he admired him for his worldly knowledge, particularly in matters of art."

"B.. if you died suddenly," said Legge, "Ha.. ann wouldn't even bother to write."

"I.. t's probably true," Marx replied, "but .. s restraint would merely be a morbid .. ection of polite/social form. Let's try h.. out."

M.. x sent Sadakichi a telegram purporte.. y signed by his auditor: "Ben died sudd.. ly this morning. Thought you would want .. know."

Sa.. kichi wrote to the supposed widow, sayin.. among other things, "In the presence .. death, I am speechless."

Be.. Marx mailed a note of apology, an actio.. that enraged Hartmann—but not to a deg.. e that would cause him to forfeit future shipments of meat by his Detroit friend.

While on his way from Detroit to St. Petersburg, Sadakichi was severely bruised

W. C. FIELDS as "Victoria Regina", painted by John Decker.

in a railway accident. Word of this mishap reached us in his letter of November 27, 1940: "Cuts, scars, bruises. Like Lazarus I have seen death; but never before have I seen the futility of human existence so clearly . . . Send me fifty dollars, and I'll come back to my shack in Banning."

There was a postscript: "Do you still love and admire me? I wonder?"

"This sudden evidence of affection," Barrymore said, "is earth-shaking. Are you quite sure you didn't write it yourself and forge Hartmann's signature?"

In his will Hartmann stipulated, "I leave my periodic shipments of meat to Gene Fowler, to be sent irregularly in moments of whimsy."

This is the sixth of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277. $4.50). The seventh instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

HENRY AUGUSTUS LOVEDAY, whose fame rests solely on his inaccurate pioneer Indian Problem, was given an excellent education. He was sent to Rugby, his name being listed there in the early 1830s. On June 4, 1834, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, serving three terms. The next year at St. Peter's College he was admitted to the Pensioners' Table, evidence of good circumstances.

The only evidence of Loveday's whereabouts between 1838 and 1841, is the mention in the letter to Staunton enclosing the famous problem, of a few games contested with the master, sent from India in 1844.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 81.

Key-move 1.K-R5, waiting. If R-Kt4; 2.Kt-K3 mate. If B-Kt4; 2.Q-Kt8 mate. If R-K6; 2.Kt-Q2 mate. If B-K6; 2.BxKt mate. If R-B7; 2.Q-Kt3 mate. If B-B7; 2.R-B3 mate. If B-B5; 2.QxB mate.

Triple Grimshaw mutual interferences in a black position.

PROBLEM NO. 82, by A. Ellerman.

Black—Ten Pieces.

White—Thirteen Pieces.
White mates in two.

We're With You in Spirit

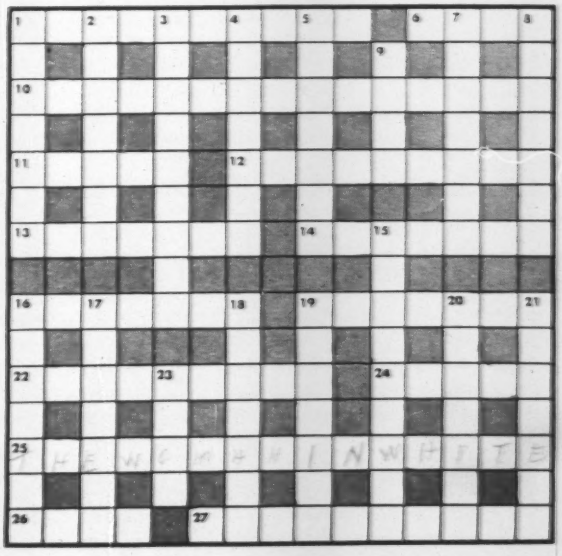
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Does it give a medium light? (6,4)
6. Drop around for poker. (4)
10. He was entitled to do a disappearing act in a novel way? Well, well! (3,9,3)
11. An ant took this to keep sober? (5)
12. Labor for the C.N.R.? Well, hardly! (9)
13. No doubt this helps to make it High Church. (7)
14. How the garbageman objected! (7)
16. Bad verse seems to get the editor's backing. (7)
19. Tea does! Serve around about four. (7)
22. Just the cream for 10! (9)
24. It's situated in lofty, rolling country. (5)
25. But Collins' character wasn't dressed for her wedding. (3,5,2,5)
26. Vessel, spelt the same in Yiddish. (4)
27. Its writer infused spirit into his work. (5,5)

DOWN

1. Colonial governors may be part ass. (7)
2. Picasso, in one period, may have depicted the frozen north as one. (3,4)
3. Travellers wouldn't expect him to keep them out. (9)
4. It's certain to get an Hawaiian decoration. (7)
5. O mister, you'd better dry up! (7)
7. Red-man's fresh appearance at court may produce these. (7)
8. How the loser left the strip-poker game? (7)
9. He essayed to confuse what Washington never told. (4)
15. Bennett's Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent and Longton. (4,5)
16. One of Carroll's slithy things rises in it when the bare inside is removed. (7)
17. Bell's belles. (7)
18. "This be the verse you grave for me". (7)
19. One does, who gets his own back. (7)
20. Git over, dizzy! (7)
21. When the liver's out of order, go to the "Y". (7)
23. Store-keepers' talk, no doubt! (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Organ stops
6. Apis
10. Andes
11. Log
12. Nutty
13. Wilson
14. Emperor
16. Breeches
18. Mascot
21. Vested
22. Back door
24. Blossom
26. Pastor
29. Addle
30. Rio
31. Nails
32. Dart
33. Past asleep

DOWN

1. Oban
2. Godliness
3. Noses
4. Talented
5. Pigpen
7. Pater
8. Skywriters
9. Knapsack
15. Above-board
17. Chessmen
19. Crocodile
20. Lamp-post
23. Smyrna
25. Older
27. Sinus
28. Hasp

(330)

Books

A Chat With a Great Reader

By Robertson Davies

CHARLES LAUGHTON gives a reading. If you do not "give all that fire and concentration" to the book . . . "you are not being fair to your author".

A FEW DAYS AGO I was introduced to a man whom I had not met before, and after a few preliminaries we had a conversation which I herewith record.

The Man: I always read your stuff in SATURDAY NIGHT. I'm a Great Reader, and I've always wanted to meet a Critic.

Myself: That's interesting; I've always wanted to meet a Great Reader.

The Man: I bet you know lots of Great Readers.

Myself: No; I know one or two, and I'm not absolutely sure about them.

The Man: You're joking. You're a Great Reader yourself. You must be in your job. I don't know how you get through all the stuff you read.

Myself: I can tell you at once that I don't do it by being a Great Reader. I am not even a Fast Reader—just a Persistent Reader.

The Man: I think we've got our wires crossed. What do you mean by a Great Reader?

Myself: I mean somebody who reads greatly. Somebody who gives his whole attention to what he is reading. Somebody who brings to a book a curiosity and a sympathy which matches the intention of the author. Somebody who gives himself wholly to a book. Isn't that what you mean?

The Man: Oh no; I mean somebody who reads critically. When I sit down with a book I read a few pages to see if the author can hold me. If he can't, I pick up something else.

Myself: You mean, you dare the author to interest you?

The Man: Yes, you could put it like that.

Myself: Do you consider that fair?

The Man: Why not? Isn't an author a public entertainer? Haven't I bought the book?

Myself: I don't know. Have you?

The Man: Well, that's just a way of speaking. Actually, I get almost all my books from the Public Library.

Myself: I see. And do you get almost all your meals in soup kitchens?

The Man: I don't understand you.

Myself: Perhaps that is as well. My remark was rude, though not unjustified. But you see, I become impatient with people who regard literature as something that they should get for nothing, but who criticize it as they would not dream of criticizing any other gift, or charitable donation. Let us get back to this business of being a Great Reader. I agree with you that an author is a public entertainer. But do you give him a chance to entertain you?

The Man: How do you mean?

Myself: You gave me the impression that you put him on trial for a few pages, and that you prided yourself on being hard to please.

The Man: Of course I'm hard to please. I haven't any time for junk.

Myself: I wouldn't want you to read junk, but I think that a Great Reader ought to give a book a fair chance. It sounds to me as if you expect the author to do all the work. You want him to amuse you, but you don't want to exert yourself at all.

The Man: But I read for relaxation. I don't want to settle down to work when I'm reading. I want to be amused, or thrilled, or told something.

Myself: Do you like music?

The Man: Very much. I never miss a first-rate concert.

Myself: But you don't relax and defy a composer to interest you, I suppose? You concentrate when you are listening, don't you?

The Man: Of course. You must, if you expect to get anything out of it.

Myself: And you don't think it is necessary to do that when you read?

The Man: It's different. The texture of music demands close attention, especially in new and unfamiliar stuff. If you don't concentrate, you'll miss most of what's going on. But books are written in language, and I can comprehend that without too much concentration.

Myself: It depends whose books you are reading. It sounds to me as if you were a Good Listener, but not a Good Reader. Let's leave the word Great out of the argument. Do you go much to the theatre?

The Man: As much as I can. And I never walk out in the middle, if that's what you are going to ask me.

Myself: You are a Good Listener, and a Good Playgoer, but I still don't think you are a Good Reader. You don't do enough for the books you read.

The Man: Explain. You interest me strangely, as Mutt and Jeff always used to say.

Myself: Well, I think that you should be ready to give as much effort to reading as you do to listening to music, or watching a play. You ought to be alert to every shade of meaning, and you ought to give the book a good mental performance, if I make myself clear.

The Man: You don't.

MYSELF: When Emlyn Williams visited Canada, reading the works of Dickens, did you hear him?

The Man: I went to hear him four times, and I'd have gone again if it had been possible. And of course I heard Laughton and his group reading *Don Juan in Hell*. Wonderful! I've got that for my gramophone. We play it at least once a month.

Myself: Aha, the Good Listener again! But you know, when you read books yourself, you ought to read them like Williams or Laughton. You ought to give them all that fire and concentration. You ought to bring all that imagination to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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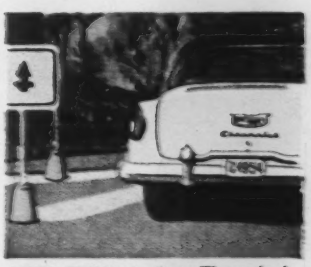

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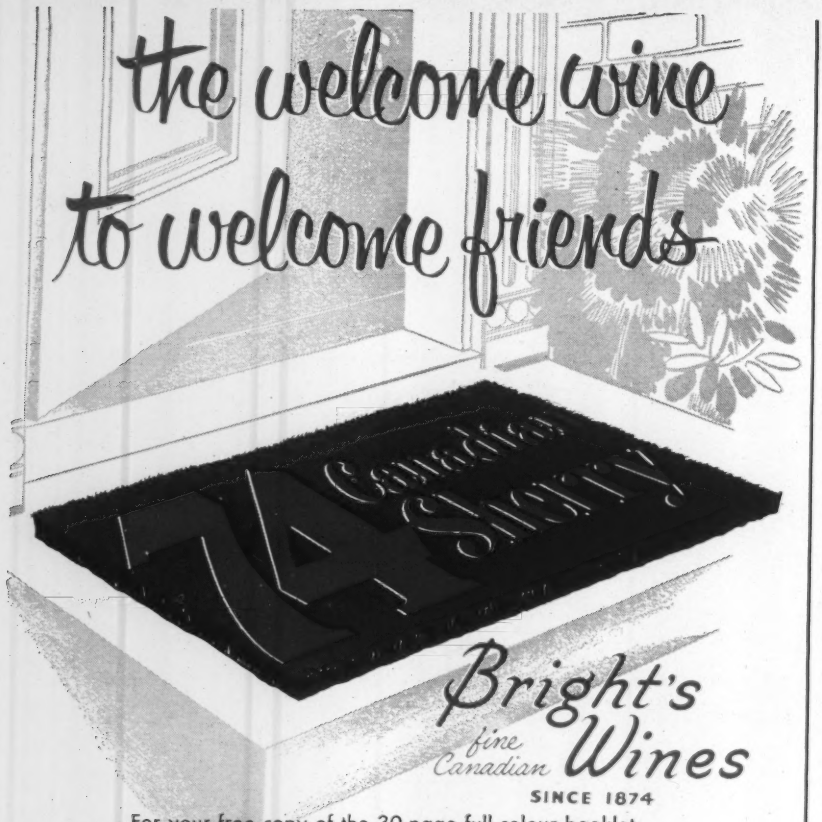

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

them, all that rhetorical and histrionic skill, or you are not being fair to your author.

The Man: But that would kill me. I read for relaxation.

Myself: Does it kill you to give your full attention to two hours of great music? Does it kill you to see, let us say *Oedipus?* Why should it kill you to give the same attention to what you are reading?

The Man: For one thing, I hear music and see plays in complete performances. It sometimes takes me a week to read a book, getting fifteen minutes here and half an hour there. And I read when I'm tired; I usually fall asleep reading at night; a bedside book may last me six or eight weeks.

Myself: In other words, you give to literature the fag-ends of your time and the dregs of your intellectual energy. You do not think enough of books to buy them, preferring instead to get them from charitable institutions which were not founded for people who can well afford to buy books. And you call yourself a Great Reader!

The Man: Books cost too much.

Myself: You are shuffling. The cost of a book is comparable to the price of a concert or theatre ticket. A book costs about as much as a good dinner. And there are many fine books which can be had cheaply. Have you noticed that the Penguin reprints have just brought out their 1,000th volume? No, the real trouble with you is that you are not willing to give a book the same chance that you give gladly to other artistic creations. You treat books badly, and when they do not satisfy you, you talk as if books were at fault. If I had my way books would not be written in English, but in an exceedingly difficult secret language that only skilled professional readers and story-tellers could interpret. Then people like you would have to go to public halls and pay good prices to hear the professionals decode and read the books aloud for you. This plan would have the advantage of scaring off all the amateur authors, retired politicians, country doctors and I-Married-a-Midget writers, who would not have the patience to learn the secret language, and it would exalt literature in the eyes of people like you by making it rare, expensive and delightful. The professional readers would be artists, and through them an author's work would be finely interpreted, instead of being strained through the dirty sock of every incompetent, tired, inattentive pinhead's imagination, who trifles with books and then describes himself as a Great Reader.

The Man: Well, well. Shall we go and have a drink?

Myself: With pleasure. After you.

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Films

Mozartian Theme

By Mary Lowrey Ross

The Golden Coach, starring Anna Magnani, is based on the sort of filigree theme that might have caught the interest of Mozart and set him off on one of his finer flights. Jean Renoir, who directed the piece, is no Mozart, but he has his own minor genius for turning a wonderful phrase and creating a sense of enchantment. Renoir, however, is more interested in tying up his remarkable phrases than in carrying forward his theme; so there the Mozartian parallel ends.

The Golden Coach is the story of Camilla, an Italian actress (Anna Magnani) who, with her harlequin troupe, invades a small Eighteenth Century town and sweeps the Spanish viceroy (Duncan Lamont) off his feet. In no time he sets the community by the ears by presenting Camilla with a golden state coach; and since the heroine is already deeply involved with a Spanish bullfighter and a Castilian noble, the amorous and political complications are endless. They are accompanied by bursts of Eighteenth Century music (including a snatch or two from *The Beggar's Opera*), and a continuous slamming of plywood doors, as the warring lovers erupt into the scene and are disposed of by the resourceful Camilla.

In spite of all this activity, the film has its dull moments. These are relatively few, however, and they occur only when Anna Magnani is temporarily off stage. The instant she returns everything is restored by her dominating presence and histrionic splendor.

Magnani is far from being a Hollywood type, and it is safe to say that if she were transferred to California she would never be given anything better than supporting or character parts. Her nose is too long, her waist is too thick and she is beginning to crowd middle-age. But she is an actress to the tips of her fingers and everything she does is the natural movement of a volatile and gifted temperament. When Magnani swings on one of her suitors, she does it with the precision and vigor of an expert tennis player delivering a forehand drive. When she merely sits still watching the progress of a bullfight, every movement in the arena is reflected in her mobile face. She is continuously fascinating to watch. Her vigor alternately throws the picture off balance and restores it to action, and the result, though a little confusing, is worth anyone's attention.

I.F.E. Releasing Corp.

ANNA MAGNANI: Volatile, gifted and continuously fascinating to watch.

Shirley Booth, too, is a remarkable actress. But even the gifted Miss Booth can do very little with the material provided for her in *About Mrs. Leslie*. She is presented here as a landlady who operates a rooming-house in Beverley Hills and takes on as a sort of supernumerary job the business of straightening out the dishevelled lives of her various house-guests. We then have a flashback to her earlier days when she herself was the house-guest of a rather dull, unhappily married Dollar-a-Year man (Robert Ryan). This back-street idyll, it seems, was interrupted when her protector went off with a sudden heart attack, leaving her with nothing better than the dismal legacy of a rooming-house. This set-up, with the heroine's philosophic approach to her problems, makes *About Mrs. Leslie* little more than a chapter from a morning radio serial. It is greatly to Miss Booth's credit that she still has enough spirit left to convey the idea that the business of straightening out other people's lives can be exactly as exasperating as it is inspirational.

Man With A Million is a screen version of the Mark Twain story about an impoverished American (Gregory Peck) who is presented by a pair of eccentric Britons with a million-pound note, on the understanding that he will live with it on credit for a month, before restoring it to the donors.

It is ingenious, occasionally amusing, and sometimes downright funny. The period sets and costumes are beautiful, and beautifully observed, and there are odds and ends of unexpected characterization that brighten the whole thing very satisfactorily.

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Records

Life in the Liners

By George Frazier

JUDGED BY the modest little Night Life baedeker he turns out for the *New Yorker* each week, an unfrocked danceband musician named Rogers Whitaker seems to me one of the deftest and most engaging writers alive. Crisp, graceful, discriminating, witty, informative, and almost miraculously evocative, Whitaker's capsule appraisals of Manhattan pleasure domes manage to capture the whole flavor of a cabaret or supper club in a few glistening words.

What makes Whitaker of some moment in a piece on records, however, is the fact that he has written the program notes — or the album liner, as they are known in the trade — for a Columbia LP called "Love Songs for a Late Evening". The significant thing is neither the songs nor the way Portia Nelson interprets them (although both are splendid), but that a major record company has finally come to recognize that the notes accompanying a popular album can be sufficiently important to warrant hiring a man of Whitaker's talents to write them. With such rare exceptions as this one, most liners are simply awful.

Of all the major labels, Capitol is far and away the chief offender in this matter. Not only do its pop liners contribute nothing even remotely edifying or entertaining, but they frequently serve only to create confusion and propagate untruths. One recent Capitol LP, for example, identified the participating musicians not as they are generally known (e.g. Shorty Rogers), but according to their social security cards, with a bewildering result that was rather like seeing Arlington Brugh given marquee billing as the star of *Valley of the Kings*. This was inexcusable enough, but even worse was the liner to Duke Ellington's LP, "Ellington '55," which attributed the arrangements to people who had had nothing to do with them. What makes this sort of thing particularly surprising is that Capitol is otherwise a pretty wonderful company, with, among other assets, superlatively co-operative and knowing press relations and a monthly throwaway, *Music*, that strikes me as far and away the most readable magazine being published about pop records. My own suspicion is that Capitol just never got around to reading its liners.

Neither, apparently, has Decca or M-G-M, although both firms make periodic efforts to achieve something substan-

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Montreal, Aug. 25, 1954.
S. C. Scadding, *Secretary*

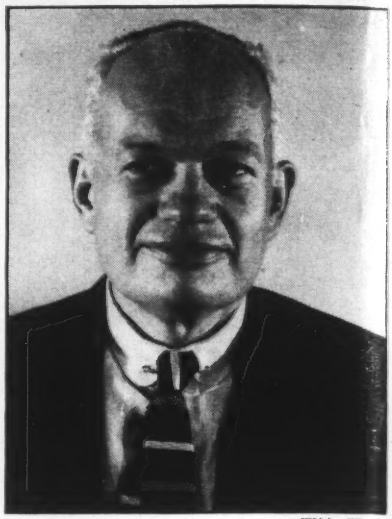
tial. Columbia and RCA Victor, on the other hand, seem aware of their responsibilities. Indeed, when Columbia's liners are written by George Avakian, they are all that could be desired. Avakian, who, as supervisor of that company's popular LPs, impresses me as the most brilliant and resourceful individual in the record business, contributes notes that are readable, informative, stimulating, honest, and full of such delicious titbits of odd information (to be found in his liner to Turk Murphy's "When the Saints Go Marching In") as the fact that "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?", a Jimmy Durante specialty, was incorporated by George Bernard Shaw in a 1905 one-act play called *Passion, Poison, and Petrification, or The Fatal Gazogene*. RCA Victor has yet to provide anything so recondite.

What RCA Victor has provided, though, is an occasional liner of off-beat appeal. I am particularly mindful of the notes accompanying "Inside Sauter-Finegan". They are enlightening and brisk and if, as is alleged, they were created by Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan, I would strongly urge the boys to forget the band business and try their hands at writing. By and large, though, RCA Victor's liners evidence a lack of editorial supervision.

As for RCA Victor's subsidiary, Label "X", I had hoped that Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer would write liners worthy of the laudable jazz reissues they supervise. Ordinarily, Grauer and Keepnews, who put out *The Jazz Record*, an indispensable discographic monthly, are entertaining and illuminating writers. On Label "X", however, they seem confused. In view of the fact that they are being hideously underpaid, however, I'm surprised they are not even more confused.

Happily, however, Grauer and Keepnews fashion irreproachably worthwhile liners for their own Riverside label, which is the imprimatur of some lovely vintage jazz. Curiously enough, small independent labels like this one seem more concerned than the big companies about program notes. Esoteric, Atlantic, Pacific Jazz, Contemporary, Walden, Good Time Jazz, Trend and Folkways, to mention a few that immediately come to mind, appear to appreciate the fact that a liner is an intrinsic part of record merchandise.

I am also profoundly taken by the witty liner written for "The Firehouse Five Plus 2 Goes South" (Good Time Jazz) by one of its reformed members, the cartoonist Walt Kelly. There should also be words of approbation for George Simon, Fred Ramsay and Charles Edward Smith. Except for his notes to the two 12" LPs of Artie Shaw broadcasts (RCA Victor), which struck me as sloppily written and utterly lacking in nostalgia, Simon writes informed and readable liners that—as all liners should—enhance one's enjoyment



Wide World
ROGERS WHITAKER: A rarity.

of the music. As for Ramsay, he did a monumental job in the exhaustive notes he contributed to the history of jazz he edited for Folkways. Smith, I am sorry to say, turns up on the backs of albums far too rarely. Unfortunately, I cannot say as much for either John Hammond, who dashes off a few lines to accompany the wonderful jazz faces he supervises (with *Down Beat's* Nat Hentoff) for Vanguard, or Norman Granz, who is conceited enough to write the liners for his own Norgran label.

But allow me to be the first to point out that the pot is indeed calling the kettle black.

In all the literature of album liners, nothing is quite so appalling as the mass of misinformation accompanying the forthcoming second volume of the so-called Glenn Miller Limited Edition.

As it happens, RCA Victor asked the writer to hand in a rough draft in order to indicate the angle he would pursue and at what length. The 2,000-odd words that he submitted were written in a little more than an hour. He was then informed that he was on the right track and that he should start writing as soon as the company sent him the records to hear. He is still waiting for those records. Only a few weeks ago, he learned that his rough draft — complete with a misquotation from St. Luke — is being published as part of a $24.95 album. As for the RCA Victor employee who allowed this to happen, he has left the company to accept an appointment on the Dartmouth faculty. Daniel Webster may have been right when he said, "Dartmouth is a small college, but there are those who love her," but the poor s.o.b. whose by-line appears over what he wrote essentially as a memorandum is not among them. I say that without fear of contradiction. I, you see, am the poor s.o.b.

Business

A Flexible Farm Policy Against Price Changes

By C. GORDON COCKSHUTT

EFFORTS to work out suitable methods of offsetting farm fluctuations have been intensified in both the United States and Canada since the War. In Canada, where agricultural population is still about a fifth of the total and farm produce around 14 per cent of gross national produce, agricultural fluctuations are bound to be projected in varying degrees throughout the economy. Sales of farm machinery, for example, rose and fell during the past 30 years in considerably greater proportion than did farm cash income.

The obvious desirability of a stable farm income has led to a widespread belief that its achievement, by whatever method, is likewise desirable. Examination of some current policies, however, leaves room for wonder. Consider first the American program.

American farm income stabilization has been sought principally through price-support and acreage-reduction schemes. So-called "basic" commodities, including wheat, corn, cotton, rice and peanuts, are presently supported at a rigid 90 per cent of the parity price, this to be converted to a flexible support ranging from 82.5 per cent to 90 per cent of parity after January 1. Prices of a number of non-basic commodities, including coarse grains, wool, butter and honey, are also given support, generally at 75 per cent or more of parity.

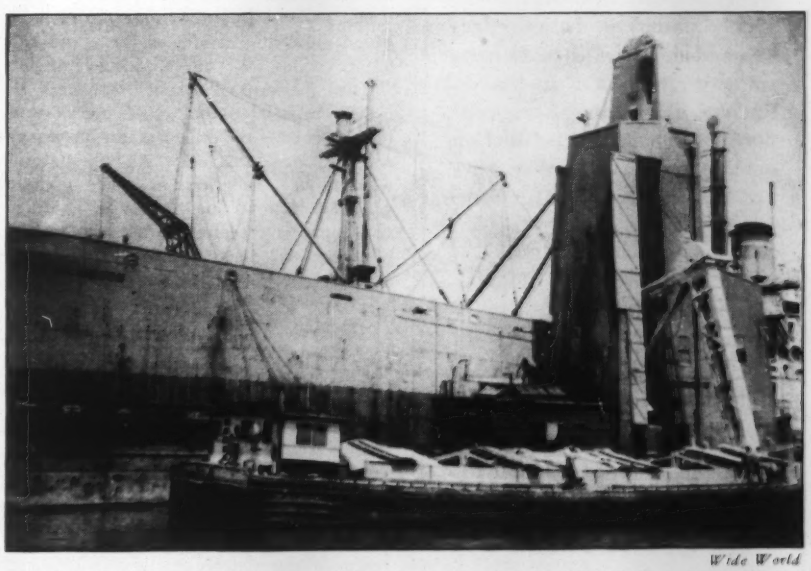
Loans to producers are the device most used to keep prices at the support level, though provision has been made for outright government purchase without loans. Loans are generally made to the full support-price value of the crop and may be discharged on maturity through turning ownership of the crop over to the government. The colossal effect of this has been that at present the American government has over $6 billions tied up in loans and in crops, and storage costs alone on government-owned grain run $700,000 a day.

All six of the "basic" crops except rice are now under acreage control, the 55 million acres allowed for wheat being the minimum stipulation permitted by law. Farmers for a second time overwhelmingly supported the acreage reduction proposal in July of this year.

Canadian policy, though complex enough, is simpler than American, and therefore perhaps less open to criticism. The parity concept plays no part in Canada's price supports, which is a commendable feature since parity, despite its political allure, is at best a backward-looking attempt to perpetuate a price structure which existed decades ago and which even then probably reflected some maladjustments. Nor does Canadian policy call for loans to producers as a method of support. The loan principle in the United States seems to have replaced the principle formerly existing under the Brannan Plan, by which farmers sold their crops for what they would bring, and then were given out-and-out grants, the difference between that and the support price. Presumably the present hidden subsidies are deemed less injurious to farmer morale than the direct grant type. Finally, Canada has avoided compulsory acreage restriction, which, though doubtless necessary in the present comprehensive American price program, is definitely incompatible with efficiency and incentive on farms. Indeed, in so far as acreage restrictions encourage efficiency, they defeat their own ends.

Canadian policy on price supports stems principally from the Agricultural Prices Support Act of 1944. Under it, the Price Support Board is empowered to prescribe prices and purchase agricultural products at those prices, or to pay farmers the difference between the average market price and the prescribed prices. Compared with the States, Canada has used price supports sparingly—eggs, butter and cheese being among the relatively few products that have been affected.

Wheat is a special and interesting case in both countries, particularly because it introduces the controversial question of export subsidies. Though guaranteeing to the wheat farmer 90 per cent of the parity price, or about $2.20 per bushel, the American government must sell its International Wheat Agreement quota at substantially below the support price. Sales to importing nations outside the



Wide World

STORAGE on government-owned grain costs the U.S. $700,000 a day; Liberty ships are among the emergency warehouses being used.

•

Mr. Cockshutt is president and chairman of the board of Cockshutt Farm Equipment Limited.

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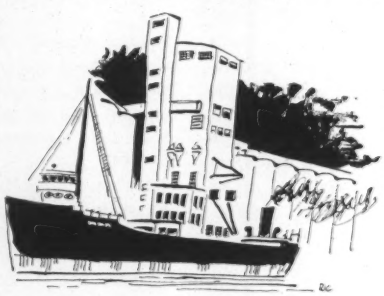
IWA, and Britain is now one of these, must similarly be made at cut prices. This means, of course, that the American government is forced to subsidize the country's wheat exports.

To illustrate: an IWA price of $1.70 per bushel requires a subsidy of roughly 50 cents per bushel to boost it to the support level. The recent 10 cent lowering of the American export price simply amounted to a 10 cent increase in the subsidy. Wheat is the most conspicuous, but other commodities, including butter, are being exported under similar subsidy conditions.

Canada has not yet applied price supports to wheat, and farmers generally seem satisfied with the continued emphasis on stability even at some sacrifice of price. Such stability has been achieved to a remarkable degree over the last eight years, during which prices paid to farmers by the Canadian Wheat Board have seldom moved far away from $1.80. This is at least partial compensation for the obvious sacrifices made in prices since 1946. Moreover, as was pointed out in a recent *Monthly Review* of the Bank of Nova Scotia (March, 1954), "Canadian government wheat policy as it now operates has the result of cushioning the effect of a price decline in farm income" by spreading the full payment to the farmer over a period of time.



Canada has acted wisely in not putting itself in the position of having to subsidize export wheat. Nevertheless, the current large unsold surpluses drive home the fact that there is some price at which Canadian wheat can be sold: the price at which importing nations of the world can afford to buy. We haven't reached it yet.

The question of export subsidies is closely related to the whole question of the feasibility of price-support programs as a device for offsetting agricultural fluctuations. Adoption of such policies generally follows claims that a shortage of supply is threatened, and that prices consequently must be supported to encourage production; or that the purchasing power of producers should be maintained, usually for the benefit of the economy in general.

The first claim is often quite specious. True, some price drops may be caused by vagaries of demand which are obviously temporary and should be offset before they cause permanent shifts in production. But most often low prices reflect quite different conditions—already glutted markets, a fall in production costs, or permanent changes in demand. Price supports in such cases can result in nothing but the production of surpluses that the market cannot absorb. The more the surpluses accumulate, the more difficult it is to remove the props.

The second claim—the maintenance of purchasing power—can be equally misleading. If the claim is dressed in the garb of the public interest, it surely carries little weight, since price supports don't imply any net increase in the country's purchasing power, but merely a transfer from one group to another at a considerable cost in red tape. More often the claim is based on pleas for justice and equity in distribution of income, as in the case of the parity principle. Here the basic reason for having a price system at all is often lost sight of in the concern over individual prices.

The price system, the core of free enterprise, is a device for guiding production and distribution into economically desirable channels. It operates somewhat ruthlessly, without concern over problems of justice and equity. It kills off unnecessary industries and weeds out inefficient producers heartlessly and without concern for what becomes of them, but with an efficiency that is its own unique feature. Justice and equity can and must be achieved, but we are mistaken if we think we can do it by tinkering with individual prices without regard for demand or supply conditions, thus heaping on the price system a function it was never meant to, and cannot, perform. Prices reflect demand and supply, and if a price is out of line then either or both of these must be out of line.

The root of the farm problem is the inflexibility of the farming industry. It cannot adjust itself to new conditions, to changing demand and supply. In other types of enterprise, if there are too many producers relative to demand, some are forced out of business. In farming, an overcrowded condition can last indefinitely, marginal farmers taking little heed of the warning signal of falling prices and persisting (more often subsisting) in the same old patterns. Price supports may temporarily make the marginal farmer prosperous and the prosperous farmer rich, but they only aggravate the basic difficulty of agriculture.

Perhaps our most profitable move toward offsetting farm fluctuations at present would be a critical reappraisal of the effects of price-support programs and a serious study of the problem of adjustment in agriculture. We should try to provide better opportunities for marginal farmers to transfer into the more productive segments of the economy.

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Many people—probably including you too—deserve to be honoured for rendering certain important services to their communities.

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How do these people play a part in such big projects? *Simply by owning life insurance*. For it is money from their premiums, which life insurance companies invest for them, that makes it possible for many of these projects to be completed.

Thanks to these same people, life insurance companies are able to contribute funds to medical research work in a wide range of vital fields. As a result, Canadians may look forward to living longer, healthier lives.

What's more, every life insurance policyholder tries to save his family from ever having to depend on others for their support. This, too, is a service to his community.

That's why, if *you* own life insurance, you deserve "a key to the city"!

P.S. from your life insurance man

"Invested life insurance dollars earn interest that makes it possible for you and your family to enjoy the benefits of life insurance at such *low cost*. If you have any questions about how to make life insurance fit your own special needs, give me a call. I'll be glad to help you!"

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Opemiska Copper

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of Opemiska Copper at the present price of about $2.20?—R. B., Montreal.*

When Opemiska was last reviewed (April 24) the stock had commenced the advance from the low of $1.00 with a move to $1.40. This advance was continued to a high of $2.50 in June and since then the stock, after a dip to 1.90, has wavered in a narrow range around 2.25.

While the news from the mine has been good with a considerable quantity of new ore being developed, it appears that much of this has been discounted by the advance.

From the six months' report, just released, our earlier confidence in the prospects of the mine have been justified, with daily tonnage increasing to an average of 410 tons per day and metals with a gross value of $2,149,799 being produced to June 30. After costs and write-offs, this production provided a profit of $573,914 or one cent per share.

Operating charges of $11.90 per ton and marketing charges, which include transportation, smelting and refining of the concentrates, of $11.50 per ton are due to be reduced in the near future from their present high levels. Hydro power is scheduled to become available next July and the railroad is expected to be completed in late 1956. This improves the excellent long term prospects of Opemiska as a copper producer.

From the short term view, which is more concerned with the market pattern developed on the chart, there appears to be a fair possibility that the price of the stock may retreat from present levels. Should the recent low of 1.90 be broken, a test of support at 1.50 seems possible. At that level it would be a buy.

Hart Battery

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Hart Battery, purchased at $9.—F. G., Montreal.*

This company is now purely a holding company, after having exchanged its assets for 50,000 preferred shares and 50,000 common shares of Dominion Linseed Oil Co.

Dominion Linseed, which has a capitalization of 80,000 shares of cumulative, redeemable, $15 par preferred shares and 90,000 shares of no par value common, is no longer in the linseed oil business; it now has two operating divisions —Hart Battery and McArthur-Irwin, which manufactures dry colors and lead pigment for paints.

As the fiscal year ends August 31 and the last annual report appeared last November, the financial data obtainable on the company must be considered obsolete. The company operated at a loss of $74,064 in 1952 and $925 in 1953. How the company has fared in this fiscal year is not known, for here is another case where quarterly reports are not issued.

Should earnings show an improvement this year, it is possible that a payment will be made on the preferred shares of Dominion Linseed, but whether this will be passed on to the Hart shareholders is an open question.

Without a full balance sheet, which will not be available till near the end of the year, it is impossible to work out a "book value" for the stock. The present quotation of $7 for Hart reflects the bids of $5 for the common and $10 for the preferred of Dominion Linseed. The present bids are the only means, and possibly the most accurate, for appraisal of this company.

American Can

I PURCHASED *some American Can last year at 36. As it has fallen back from the high of 49¼ to 45, I am concerned as to whether I should take what profit there remains or hold on in the hope of another advance. What do you think of the prospects of this company as a long term investment at the present price?—I. S. B., Buffalo, NY.*

Taking the short term view first, the chart shows AC advanced from the 1953 low of 31⅝ to the recent high of 49¼ in a series of well spread rallies. From the high the stock reacted to 45⅛, rallied briefly to 47⅞ then drifted off to 44⅛ at the time of writing. This pattern has given ample evidence that the long uptrend from last September's low has been reversed.

Viewed on a yield basis, which is the final gauge of stock prices, the yield at the high of 2.85 per cent on the $1.40 dividend was much too low and indicated the stock was overpriced. The chart pattern indicates that down objectives of 41 and 37 are possible and even at 37 the yield is only 3.84 per cent. Under adverse market conditions, the price could revert to last September's low of 31⅝.

From the long term view the company, being the largest producer in both the United States and Canada of metal and

fibre containers, is an excellent growth prospect. Aided by the new synthetic resin finishes, such as Epon, for can linings, the use of cans is expanding at a greater rate than the rate of population growth.

As the sales and earnings figures for American Can show, the dollar volume of sales has risen every year since 1943. In 1953 sales reached an all-time high of $660.6 million, and the first half of this year has exceeded this rate, with sales amounting to $286.3 million compared with $278.7 million in the same period last year. Earnings per share, helped in part by tax relief, were $1.07 per share against $1.01 for the 1953 half year.

The earning record of the company over the last 30 years has been very good. Dividends have been paid without interruption over this period and have averaged close to 50 per cent of earnings.

Looking at the balance sheet, it is apparent that a strong financial position has been maintained with all financial ratios in balance. The demands of the expansion program have forced the company to increase the funded debt considerably as well as issuing preferred shares. The funded debt of $69 million is well below the critical ratio of 1-1 with the working capital of $135.7 million.

As there appears to be a considerable risk of capital loss in the present position of the common stock, it would seem good tactics to switch from the common to the preferred, which is currently selling at 45 to yield 3.9 per cent for better income while awaiting an opportunity to reinvest in the common at a better price.

New British Dominion

PLEASE GIVE *an opinion on New British Dominion Oil Co. I still hold some of the original British Dominion shares.—A. F., Gibsons, BC.*

This company is one of the smaller western oil companies which is battling to achieve a profitable operating level while continuing exploration and development work. The main interest of the company at the present time is the development of the Etzikom gas field in south-eastern Alberta and the Kevin-Sunburst area in Montana where a subsidiary has brought in its second successful oil well.

The Etzikom field is estimated to contain gas reserves of 140 billion cubic feet of which New British holds 89 billion. This field, which is only some ten miles north of the gas line to Butte, Montana, is to supply a $20 million gas processing plant in which New British will have a substantial equity.

Completion of the plant and the obtaining of a permit to supply gas to the Butte pipeline should change the operating picture of the company drastically. Operations last year resulted in a consolidated net loss of $754,206 and working capital

Bank of Montreal

Rights to Subscribe for Capital Stock

The Bank of Montreal has recently issued to its Shareholders of record August 16th, 1954, Rights to purchase additional Shares of its Capital Stock on the basis of one new Share for each four Shares presently held. These Rights, which expire November 26th, 1954, are listed on The Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges and may be purchased by investors who are not now Shareholders of the Bank.

Each four Rights entitle the holder to purchase, on or before November 26th, one Share of Bank of Montreal Stock at $30. The purchase price may be paid either immediately in cash or in ten equal monthly instalments from November 26th, 1954 to September 6th, 1955. Shares purchased through the exercise of Rights will rank for dividends to the extent to which and from the date on which payments are made, and will not be transferable until the purchase price has been paid in full.

Dividends are currently being paid on Bank of Montreal Shares at the rate of $1.20 per Share per annum; total dividends paid in 1953 including extras were $1.40 per Share. Orders for the purchase or sale of Bank of Montreal Shares or Rights may be entered at any of our offices.

Enquiries will receive prompt attention

A descriptive pamphlet will be forwarded on request.

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dropped to $164,738 from the $485,054 reported at the end of March in 1953.

Considering the accumulated deficit of $2,388,542 against the working capital plus the oil reserves of 1,250,000 barrels of oil and 175 billion cu. ft. of gas, it is evident that the present price of $2.05 is based more upon the hopes of profitable developments from processing natural gas than upon the statistical picture.

As upward activity in the stock will be dependent upon news developments, the present market position of the stock warrants caution.

In Brief

I HAVE *had shares in Sherritt Gordon for some years. Do you advise holding or selling?—E.M., Duncan, BC.*

Hold.

SOME YEARS *ago I purchased shares of Galloway Gordon Lake Mines. On several occasions I have written the company asking for information but have received no reply. Can you give me any information relative to this company?—P.J.W., Vancouver.*

Idle since 1946.

ARE SHARES *of Innerfold Oils of any value? What happened to the company?—G.J.V., Didsbury, Alberta.*

Folded.

I BOUGHT *Buffalo Canadian Gold mines some time ago at a higher price than the present 17 cents. Would you advise whether there are any prospects of an increase in price or should I sell?—R.L., Montreal.*

It might sneak up a little more on Manitouwadge hopes—maybe to 25.

GASPE COPPER MINES *has been suggested to me as a good buy. I understand this company is controlled by Noranda.—B.H., Fredericton, NB.*

Buy the cow, not the calf.

I HAVE *some shares of Steeloy Mining. Any hope of a recovery?—H.S., Toronto.*

A faint one.

ANY NEWS *on Titanium Development Corp?—C. S., Toronto.*

None since 1952.

SOME TIME AGO *I bought Derrick Oil and Gas at 25 cents. Is it worth holding and what are the prospects?—W. H. S., Toronto.*

No oil and no bid.

•

Readers requesting information from Gold & Dross must limit their inquiries to one stock and give their name and address in full. The purchase price of the stock should be stated.

Advertising

A "Wholsom" Drink

By John Carlton

ONE REASON why coffee never took hold in the British Isles as it did in America may have been due to the fulsome and absurd claims made for it in British prints nearly 300 years ago. The weekly *Publick Adviser*, in 1657, carried this advertisement:

"In Bartholomew Lane on the backside of the Old Exchange, the drink called coffee, which is a very wholsom and Physical drink, having many excellent virtues, closes the Orifice of the Stomach, fortifies the heat within, helpeth Digestion, quickeneth the Spirits, maketh the heart lightsom, is good against Eye-Sores, Coughs or Colds, Rheums, Consumptions, Head-ache, Dropsie, Gout, Scurvy, Kings Evil, and many others, is to be sold both in the morning, and at three of the clock in the afternoon."

Much more modest are the claims made by J. Lyons Canada, Limited, for the new product "Chico" currently promoted in newspapers, on painted bulletins, car cards and by radio. The brief copy states: "If you like instant coffee, you'll love Chico—cuts your coffee bills in half!"

One thing the national advertiser can learn from experience only is that prejudices and customs of territories with which he is unfamiliar can make the most carefully prepared advertising campaign fall still-born from the presses. When RCA Victor introduced their famous trade mark, "His Master's Voice", into China it had to be withdrawn because in most of that country the dog is an unclean animal. Canadian advertisers have discovered that too-scantily clad female figures, especially on posters, are taboo in the province of Quebec. There have been cases where indiscretions of this nature on the bill boards have had to be decently "clothed" before the posters would be tolerated.

The Sheshegwaning Indian Reserve, Manitoulin Island, has provided another instance of the kind. Smokey the Bear is the friendly forest fire prevention poster symbol seen from New York's subways to Algonquin Park. Standing on his hind legs and dressed like a ranger, Smokey begs people to be careful about fires in the woods. The Indians on Manitoulin Island will have none of him. Posters set up near the Indian Reserve were defaced and torn down. Investigation revealed that, to the Indian, a walking bear is a symbol of witchcraft. A beaver has been substituted.

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gives you a real interest in CANADIAN VICKERS

Your frying pan is only one of the many metal objects you use in your daily life. Stoves, automobiles, your watch—even money is made of metal—and that gives you a real interest in Canadian Vickers.

Because Canadian Vickers builds the mining machinery that processes raw ore into the metal of which your refrigerator, your water taps and all metal things are made.

Giant Jaw Crushers, Ball Mills, Rod Mills, Kilns, Pumps . . . all designed to produce metal economically and in greater quantity so that the metal things you need will be plentiful.

Paper machines, Chemical Process equipment, Ships, Industrial Boilers . . . Canadian Vickers is a great engineering organization that makes the machinery that makes the things you need.

CANADIAN VICKERS MONTREAL LIMITED

IF INDUSTRY NEEDS IT...CANADIAN VICKERS BUILDS IT...BETTER

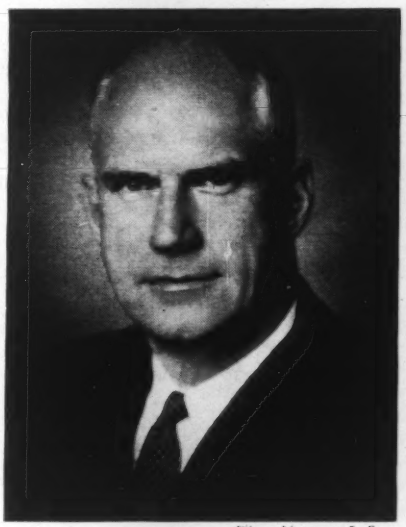
Who's Who in Business

"A Willing Horse"

By J. W. Bacque

J. G. NOTMAN, 53, the president of Canadair Limited, is a big assertive man who has an almost desperate liking for work. He says that, although he has been working at the office recently an average of 15 hours a day, he has taken on such spare time jobs as building four sailing dinghies for his children and their friends. Mr. Notman takes on his extra loads of work, not only for the rewards of prestige and money, but also because he has a strong sense of duty driving him.

"We're awfully big and awfully busy here at Canadair," he says, "and I want everyone to contribute his fair share. I think that I've contributed mine. The people who work hard invariably progress, but the clock-watchers never get anywhere. Real workers are easy to spot—they stick out wherever they are. The reason that a man gets on is that he does his job a little better than the next person. In the early days, when I was asked by my boss to do some work, I made sure I did it. A man must have a willingness to assume responsibility, to do a job when offered, and get it behind him as soon as possible. He'll succeed no matter what—anyone who's a willing horse in this world will certainly get jobs saddled on him."



Wm. Notman & Son

J. GEOFFREY NOTMAN

The first saddle Mr. Notman wore after graduating from McGill in 1922 (B.Sc.) was a production office job at Dominion Engineering Works. "My parents had wanted me to go into the family photography business, but I knew I wasn't cut out to be a professional man of that type. I've always had a mechanical inclination, so my years at Dominion delighted me."

He worked successively as a foundry engineer, pump designer and production co-ordinator for five years before he became assistant to the general manager in 1927. Three years later he was made manager of manufacturing, a position he held until he went to Ottawa ten years later, on loan from the firm, as an assistant co-ordinator of war-time production. "I worked 17 hours a day for five years," he says. "I gained experience I couldn't possibly have had any other way. As a matter of fact, one of my jobs was a result of the decision to build the original Canadair plant, and I worked closely with the opening phases of Canadair."

In 1946, Mr. Notman, with a vivid memory of Canada's inadequate preparedness for war in 1939, helped set up the Canadian Industrial Preparedness Association. "It's still very much in operation, preparing Canadian industry for any emergency," he says. "We are in an entirely different position than in 1939." Mr. Notman has served the government in many other capacities: as Associate Director General of Industrial Reconversion, a member of the Joint Arsenal Planning Board, a director of Canadian Arsenals Limited and a member of the Industrial Defense Board. He holds the OBE for his Ottawa war work.

Of his decision to come to Canadair in 1950 he comments: "I didn't need to stick my neck out to come here. I was well established where I was. But I'm glad I did it—the aircraft business is exciting. I decided my coming here might help maintain employment. That was the real basic reason — Dominion had 2,000 employees, Canadair had 4,000, and now it's 10,000. My job contributes to the community."

Of the unusual nature of his business, he says: "If we're ever going to have peace in the world, someone has to take the responsibility for our preparations. Canadair, as a world-wide organization, however, has to maintain commercial contacts as well as military. So we do a lot of spare part and civilian transport work." Mr. Notman likes to supervise the overseas operations himself: "I guess I'm a pretty good judge of aircraft by now," he says. "I should be, travelling 50,000 miles every year by air on our business."

FROM SCOTLAND CAME THE STEAM ENGINE

While watching the lid of a tea kettle being raised by the steam of the boiling water inside, James Watt first conceived the steam engine, an invention that raised the living standards of the world.

SCOTLAND'S GIFTS TO THE WORLD

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Wide World

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Fleet Auto Cover

By William Sclater

THE ADVANTAGES of the centralization of insurance to corporations with large auto fleets, spread in some cases over one or several provinces, are apparent. Good use can be made of inspection services made available by most companies throughout the country. Effective head office control can be maintained by conducting all dealings through one contact point and full advantage of the reduction premium factor, based on the number of cars owned regardless of location, is thus made possible. Coincident, too, with this development is the introduction of new writing practices basing large group premium determination by audit. All these advantages would, of course, be non-existent if the insurance was broken up and placed at different points through different outlets.

In any study of Fleet Auto coverage a most important aspect for careful consideration is the inspection service available at required locations because of its direct bearing on the amount of premium determined by the experience.

Through the medium of these services bonus incentive plans can be set up to encourage accident-free driving and, as a by-product, premium reduction. Payment of annual cash bonuses to accident-free drivers, a very encouraging incentive, is made possible by the premium-saving effected by freedom from accident.

Determination of the coverages to be used for the protection of an auto fleet, whether it consists largely of one-ton pick-ups for city delivery or the expensive vehicles used for construction or hauling jobs, calls for careful appraisal.

Inclusive limits, with a minimum of $100,000.00, are often recommended for Public Liability and Property Damage. This is not without good reason for many fleets have an above-average exposure which makes this arrangement an advantageous one. The matter of jury awards has to be considered and, regardless of the pros and cons of the matter, any study of these shows quite conclusively the advisability of adequate protection in this respect. High limits are a recommended safety factor.

Collision coverage is something that will repay close study in view of its cost. A deductible of $250 is often considered advisable to keep premium cost at a reasonable level, the company paying its own damages below that figure. It is actually inadvisable in some cases to carry any Collision cover at all as it would be illogical and an unnecessary expense to do so. The owner of a fleet of stake trucks, for example, might well find the $2,000 or $3,000 he saves in a year by not carrying Collision cover would be a fair amount to speculate against the possible loss of a truck. Another experience factor to bear in mind is the fact that a Collision loss is not likely to put a man out of business.

Fire and Theft are practically mandatory covers, but, when considering these, the insurance buyer is well advised to bear in mind the much greater advantages of the Comprehensive coverage, wherever it can be secured, over straight Fire and Theft only. These two are provided under the Comprehensive form but, in addition, it provides protection against any damage to the vehicle other than by Collision. Insurance against Fire, Theft, Windstorm, Flood, Riot, Civil Commotion, Falling Aircraft and so on are all included in the Comprehensive form.

The difference in rate, for a fleet of 20 trucks in the Toronto area, would be the difference between an average of $75 to $100 for Fire and Theft only against an average of $150 to $185 perhaps for the full Comprehensive cover.

In studying ways and means of keeping insurance premium for Auto Fleet at a fair level, one factor which every executive dealing with this cover should keep in mind, is that a careful check of the milage each truck travels in the course of a normal trip can have a most important bearing on the determination of the premium.

For example, a truck running between Toronto and Hamilton can qualify for a premium rate based on the "within 50 miles" classification. A truck running between Toronto and Owen Sound could not. As the difference in premium, on a $100,000.00 inclusive policy, could amount to more than $200.00 per annum, this is a most important saving where it can be achieved by careful checking of milage.

A point of contention in some circles is the fact that an executive car, driven solely by an executive and used for both business and pleasure, must be written into the Fleet policy at business rates. The bugaboo in this instance is, of course, Jury awards. The defence of claims of individuals against large corporations leaves insurance companies no alternative.

An incidental note worth bearing in mind is the advisability of covering hired vehicles, such as trucks and also private cars hired by executives for company business in other cities, under a separate non-ownership policy.

WRITING practice for Fleet Auto has been widened by recently-introduced methods of determining large group premium by audit, though the presently-accepted standard is still by schedule of vehicles.

One new method is on a Receipts basis, the premium charged being determined by the Insured's receipts from trucking operations. While this works out well in practice, some care must be exercised where overlapping operations are concerned, such as instances where one trucker may haul another's loaded trailer on the final lap to its destination.

Another method is a Blanket basis under which all vehicles are automatically covered for an estimated premium. The insurance company makes up and retains the work sheets used to calculate the premium and any endorsements for changes in the risk are made up quarterly or semi-annually. A stipulation of this system is that coverage must be uniform on all vehicles.

The Public Prints

Sydney Post-Record: Moments come when Glace Bay might well ask to be spared the ministrations of the town's friends. Such a moment occurred when David Lewis, Toronto lawyer and CCF stalwart, on a national hookup broadcasting the Couchiching conference, was heard spouting about "ghost towns", and naming Glace Bay among their number. That's too preposterous to be funny. Glace Bay is as lively a town as Mr. Lewis could find in Canada.

London Daily Mail: There is a lunatic fringe here which labels nearly everything from America as McCarthyism, just as there is a lunatic fringe in the United States which shouts that the British are all appeasers and Munichites. What a pity they cannot cancel each other out!

Montreal Gazette: All his life Bertrand Russell has been a rationalist, with all his ideas being founded upon what he has believed to be human rationality. In his latest book, *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*, there is a strange new note. As he surveys the political scene in the world today, he can see very little grounds to justify a hopeful attitude. And yet he does hope, though admitting that his hope is "beyond all reason". It is a curious thing for a rationalist to be ending his life with hopes "beyond all reason". He seems in process of becoming, in his own way, a man of faith. Perhaps in these days it is only faith, "the evidence of things not seen", that can make life supportable, even for the rationalist.

FROM CONTRACT No...136

W. R. CONSTRUCTION
ROAD BUILDING BULLDOZING
11328 JASPER AVE. EDMONTON, ALBERTA

March 31, 1954

The Dominion Life Assurance Company,
Group Department,
Waterloo, Ont.,

Dear Sirs:

We are pleased to advise of our decision to renew for the third year our present Employee's Group Welfare Plan with your Company.

Your Group Department extended considerable service to our staff during the past years which was appreciated very much. The simple method of administration which you arranged has proven very satisfactory to our office staff and the speed with which all claims were settled reflects very favorably on your services.

The tendency is to take these things for granted at times and we are glad of this opportunity of expressing our complete satisfaction.

Yours sincerely,
W. R. Construction

W16-M

FOR DETAILS OF OUR GROUP WELFARE PLANS WRITE OUR HEAD OFFICE

Dominion Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY
Since 1889
HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONTARIO

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION
LIMITED

Notice of Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share, has been declared for the quarter ending September 30, 1954, payable on October 15, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15, 1954, and a special dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share was declared payable on October 15, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
H. J. FARNAN.
Secretary.

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EATON'S

AUTUMN FASHION IS THE BEAUTY OF CONTRAST . . .

Fashion is leading a double life this Fall—showing two sides to her nature, each clearly defined . . . Silhouettes are distinct—either elegantly easy or shapely and feminine with a moulded look. Colours are divided, newly darker or brilliant hued. Fabrics are opulent with polish and brocade, or nubby and textured in rougher weaves . . . The drama of contrast is everywhere in the Fall Fashion Collections at Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

women

Everett Roseborough

THE INTERNATIONAL FASHION SCENE: *one of the ball gowns from Simpson's* Designers' Collection, Fall '54, *to be seen in their fashion show next week in Toronto. This gown, of Sorrento grey chiffon, has 180 yards of hand-rolled hem-edge and is from a group of imports by Rome couturiers.*

Conversation Pieces:

A NOVEL ASPECT of the problem recently created by Christian Dior "Will the Woman of 1955 be Flat-chested?" turned up some time ago in the columns of Mrs. Emily Post. A correspondent wrote to her rather mysteriously: "You say that it is correct to sit an inch away from the table at meal-time. Now I have a rather large bust. . ."

Our final word on the controversy is that we will never, never submit to the Dior ruling. Also that when the time comes we will probably turn up, like everyone else, panoplied in the waistless hipline, knee-length outfit indicated by Mr. Dior, with four feet of assorted beads dangling from our necks. Meanwhile, *vive la différence.*

The only feminine group that successfully defies all the fashion arbiters, is the teen-age and college set. The rest of us—the housewives, the middle-aged, even the professional and career women—string along submissively and end by taking pot-luck.

But the teen-agers and co-eds make their own rules. They don't go to the style-setters and the department-store buyers for orders. They make the buyers and stylists come to them. So they come, meekly enough, with all sorts of bizarre ideas—shorts with buttoned-on-bottoms to turn the garment into toreador pants, great woolly carry-all bags, endless long strings of chunky beads, and so on.

If the junior style counsellors like these ideas, they accept them. If they don't, the buyer regretfully marks them down for quick sale to the less arbitrary customers. In the meantime, the junior crowd gets along happily with the skirts and sweaters, the sockees, loafers and saddle-shoes that have been standard campus equipment for the past half-dozen years.

THE RECENT flurry in numismatics sent us hurrying to our change purse to see if it contained any of the coin treasures listed in the morning paper.

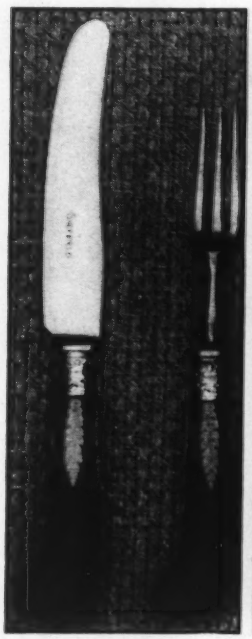
We turned out two quarters (1941, 1949), three dimes (1943, 1947, 1951) and two of the war-time silver-washed pennies which we are always innocently proffering as dimes at the corner stationery and tobacco shop. Total value: 82 cents. Maybe we will discover one of these days the 1921 Canadian nickel, valued at $100 or the 1921 fifty-cent piece (current value $1,400) belonging to the issue that was hastily called in when it was found there were already more fifty-cent pieces in circulation than the public needed.

And maybe that interesting looking couple named Brown who have just moved in across the street will turn out to be Mr. and Mrs. Igor Gouzenko.

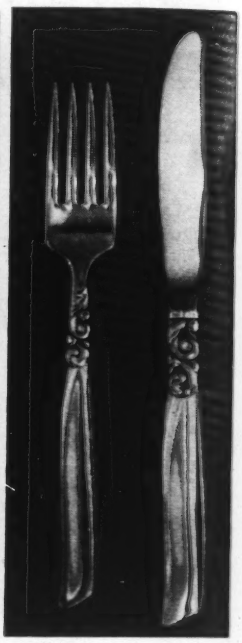
NOTE to cigarette-abstainers: A friend who is giving up the habit never ventures anywhere without a full package of cigarettes in his pocket. He finds this fortifies him against emergency, just as a phenobarbital tablet on the bedside table reassures the insomniac. He has already pretty well broken the cigarette habit without once breaking into the package of cigarettes.

AN ENLARGEMENT *of a section of the painting,* The Feast of the Bean, *by Jacob Jordaens (1593-1678). Gold and silver forks for eating fruit and ginger are listed in inventories from the 11th century on, but it was not until the 16th century that forks replaced fingers or knives as general food carriers.*

Only Four Centuries Old: Table Knives and Forks



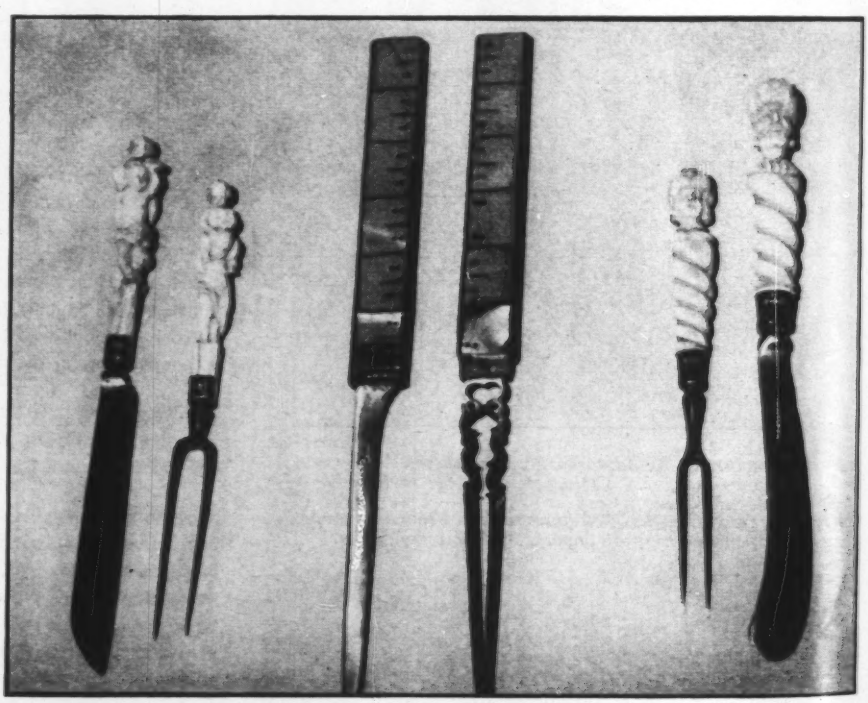
JASPER HANDLED *"hostess accessories" by Wedgwood, available again and fashioned after early pistol-handled designs.*



COMPLETELY MODERN: *"South Seas", the latest design in Community's silverplated flatware, on the market this month.*

IN EUROPE, *until about 1600, guests brought their own knives (which served also as daggers) to the table. When forks were introduced generally, pointed knives were not needed to spear food and rounded blades came into vogue. The photograph, at right, shows cutlery from the collection at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. Left, 17th century Italian, with the ivory handles carved to represent two nude children; centre, 17th century German, a serving set with handles of chased brass inlaid with mother-of-pearl to form a six-inch measure; right, 18th century and probably Dutch, with ivory handles of turbaned male and female.*

Photo: Ashley & Crippen



IN DIOR'S PARIS SALON: *Buyer Betty McPherson, of Toronto's Holt Renfrew, and A. J. Walker, President of Holt Renfrew.*

Fashion

DIOR may have a split personality. In his New York collection, he is a conformist, in line with the general trend discernible in all the collections of the New York designers. In his later Paris showing, he is a fashion dictator.

Sometimes he even cheats on himself. Last year, his New York press releases stated skirts would remain the same length. Then came his Paris bombshell. This year, his H-line (parallel lines of the H represent the straight silhouette and the crossbar is the new low hipline) was hinted at in the straight lines of his New York collection. But a general easing of last season's Empire silhouette appeared in the other New York collections, too, so Dior wasn't giving any secrets away.

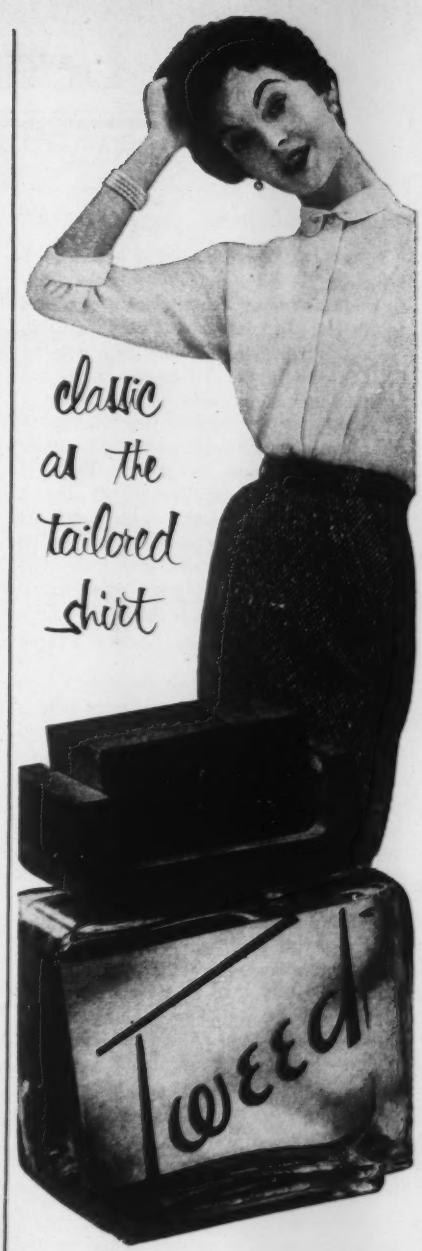
Dior doesn't look Machiavellian (he is shy and retiring). He even insists the press exaggerates his annual "revolutions". Fashion writers at his Paris showing are inclined to agree with him. Local stores should by now have some of the new Dior models in stock. Judge Dior for yourself.

International

DIOR'S *new flattened look in an evening gown of nylon-and-rayon velvet, with jet embroidery, from his Paris collection.*

New York Dress Institute

DIOR'S *new H-line straightness was there, even in his New York collection, as seen in this red wool coat.*



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Blouse by Rhoda Lee

54-5A

Letters

A Botched Job

YOUR article entitled "A Botched Job" (August 28) is completely false and inaccurate as far as live television coverage of British Empire and Commonwealth Games is concerned. The telecasting by CBUT here in the Vancouver area was outstanding and brought to thousands of people the opportunity to view the sporting events, which without CBUT would have been denied to them. The TV coverage was an excellent effort and it seems a shame, since your editorial policy dictates an undying hatred for all that CBC represents, that for once you cannot relax in your bigoted opinion and give credit when credit is due.

Vancouver DR. GEORGE ELLIOT

YOUR CONDEMNATION of the CBC's horrible performance in televising the British Empire and Commonwealth Games was justified, but far too mild. Before trying this sort of thing again, the CBC amateurs should study the professional methods used in Britain and the United States—particularly Britain, where the televising of sports events is done with even greater skill than in the U.S., in my opinion. If the BBC had dared to put such indifferent camera work and such gauche commentaries into British homes, there would be such an outcry that all those responsible for the debacle would lose their jobs. . . I have watched TV in the three countries, so this comment is not based on hearsay. . .

Ottawa JAMES BRIGNALL

Dream or Nightmare?

I HAVE NO DOUBT that the men whose pictures you print as responsible for the development of the St. Lawrence Seaway are capable and sincere men, convinced of the worth of this project and eager to make the "dream become reality". What I am afraid of is that the dream will become a nightmare.

I have farmed in this area for many years. My ancestors used this river as a highway to bring them to settle. In my own lifetime I have seen its waters harnessed . . . Are we any happier, or even more prosperous than my great-grandparents? I doubt it. We are told rosy stories of fine communities to take the place of the homes we now occupy. A community does not spring out of the head of some planner. I fear this project with something more than the reluctance of the aged to be up-rooted. And I fear the political alliance in prospect. If we must have it, let the Seaway be Canadian. Let us have that much national pride and resourcefulness.

Iroquois, Ont. GAVIN FORSYTH

Conservative Ideas

WITH RESPECT to the comments (July 31) on the unhappy conservatives (note the lower case "c") those of Ontario might do more to aid the cause of conservatism in Canada as a vital political force by following the lead of their B.C. cousins and switch from following the frayed pennant of the Progressive Conservative Party to the new and untarnished banner of Social Credit.

Whitehorse, Y.T. M. K. ABEL

IN COMMENTING on the plight of the Conservative Party, you might have mentioned the recent suggestion for a combined Opposition. The Conservatives, if we are to go by some of the speeches heard during the last federal election, would have little difficulty in joining forces on the one hand with the CCF and on the other with the Social Credit. If they can toady to Duplessis, they can stomach anything . . . One of the complaints of the parties in opposition has been that the Liberals have been in power too long, "it's time for a change". Well, if they combined forces they might be able to do something about it . . .

Halifax J. B. CARROLL

Flags and Monarchies

SEAN O'CASEY comments on the remarkable fact that "almost all the countries flying crosses on their ensigns are predominantly Protestant in belief". It is not an unrelated fact, too, in my opinion, that almost all monarchies left are also Protestant. . .

And the reason? G. B. Shaw offers one profound reason why. In the play, *In Good King Charles' Golden Days*, he makes King Charles the Second say to his bigoted, hot-tempered Catholic brother James (later the ill-starred James II): "You think you will have the Pope at your back because you are a Catholic. You are wrong: in politics the Pope is always Whig, because every earthly monarch's court is a rival to the Vatican" . . .

(MRS.) M. HEATH-GRACIE

Derby, England

Of Many Things

WITH all respect to the women of Elmview, whose campaign against Crime Comics is certainly a laudable venture, may I say that you would know that school teachers had dreamed it up. "Required reading . . . a quiz to determine how much the children had absorbed and to stimulate interest" — I can't think of a better way to drive children to the comics. Part of the charm of this type of reading is that it is from the prohibited list. . .

Kingston, Ont. ALAN PAYNE

IN ALL the talk about safety on the highways very little mention is made of road signs. Through the years they have been allowed to accumulate until now the approaches to some intersections or cloverleaf turns are a confused and often contradictory clutter of directions. Most of them are impossible to read at the legal speed for the area. Well spaced, clearly defined signs would surely help to cut down the accident tolls at such crossings.

Montreal R. R. HEBERT

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